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A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1872

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CONTENTS

| | Page. | | Page. |
|------------------------|-------|----------------------------|-------|
| Life and Letters | 575 | Lord Cromer's Book: Its | |
| The Crown | 577 | Personal Aspect.—Part III. | 593 |
| Reviews: | | Shorter Reviews | 595 |
| Ibsen | 577 | Fiction | 597 |
| Two Poets | 578 | Miss Maud Allan's Salome | |
| University Reform | 579 | Dance | 598 |
| Letters from the Raven | 580 | Correspondence | 599 |
| A Mislaid Poet | 581 | Books Received | 601 |
| Candles | 583 | | |

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LIFE AND LETTERS

MR. HAROLD SPENDER has written a very remarkable article in the *Daily Chronicle* on the burning question of the new Licensing Bill. He begins by a quotation from Holy Writ, paralleling the making of beer with the making of silver shrines for Diana of the Ephesians, from which it would appear that Mr. Spender looks upon brewing as being quite as grave an offence as idolatry. He goes on to ask how much "the trade" costs us in "order, sanity, well-being, and domestic peace."

What is the price (he asks) we pay in prisons, workhouses, lunatic asylums, inebriate homes? What in deaths, broken lives, shattered homes?

And then Mr. Spender proceeds to prove his case. First of all, as to crime; the Chief Constable of Nottingham is cited to show that 50 per cent. of the nation's crime is due to drink alone, then the official return of criminal statistics is quoted to the effect that:

not in any single year since the beginning of this twentieth century has the number of offences against the law due to drink been less than 200,000.

And next comes Death. In England and Wales during 1906 there were 2,281 deaths due to "alcoholism," and in the period 1896-1900 the rate per million of such deaths was 85.8; and, in addition, coroners' juries in 1906 attributed 797 violent deaths to "excessive drinking." From these statistics Mr. Harold Spender draws the conclusion that the reaper Death is "no mean ally" of the firm of Bass and the Vicar of Burton-on-Trent. Moreover, these persons have another ally—his name is Madness, of which alcohol is conspicuous as a "predisposing or exciting cause." From 1900 to 1905 no less than 2,349 men and 989 women "passed within the portals of lunatic asylums owing to drink." As for poverty, Mr. Charles Booth found that, on an analysis of 4,000 cases of London poverty, 14 per cent. were directly due to drink, while the Manchester Guardians stated in 1884 that 51 per cent. of their cases were due to the same cause. And, furthermore, Mr. Spender points to the statistics of Inebriate Homes, and to the long list of "separation orders" for drunkenness. "Red Ruin and the breaking-up of laws," he says, "are the true gifts of the brewers to the nation." Crime, death, poverty, madness, red ruin—these, he affirms, are the plain and manifest results of the brewing, sale, and consumption of beer.

Well, the long and the short of all this is that Mr. Harold Spender denounces the whole trade in beer as the worst evil that has ever afflicted the human race. Beer is worse

than the Borgia poison, for this killed only the body, while that plunges body, soul, mind, and spirit, all things without and all things within, into utter ruin, misery, degradation, and death. On one side beer brings woe and desolation to the humblest cottage, on the other it threatens the whole State, the body politic of this fair realm of England. Ruin, utter, irretrievable, finally follows in its train; all hell lurks at the bottom of every bottle of Bass. And what, then, does Mr. Harold Spender propose? What can he propose but the swift and stern annihilation of all this horror; it shall not be felony, one would say, to brew small ale, but felony to brew at all, felony to sell, felony to drink—"Delenda est Burtonia." But who can hesitate? If, by a mere Act of Parliament, it be possible to raise the sum of happiness, morality, sanity, wealth by an advantage of 50 per cent., what is to be done but to pass such an Act quickly, to make the mere possession of beer as dangerous as the possession of dynamite bombs? And Mr. Harold Spender says that all that is necessary is to pass the Licensing Bill, which, so far as we understand, will largely diminish the number of public-houses, while leaving the "club" free to establish itself in every byway. The dynamite emporiums are to be strictly limited in number; it will be necessary to walk six miles before buying dynamite on Sundays, the throwing of bombs will be forbidden after ten o'clock on Sunday nights under penalty of fine, and before inaugurating any club or society for the purpose of promoting assassination by high explosives it will be necessary to announce a series of lectures (to be delivered on the club premises) on Earth-worms and Aeronauts, so that the authorities may be convinced that such club is not merely and simply a dynamiting club. Of course, the analogy is feeble. Dynamite only kills the body of the especial victim or victims, while beer spreads madness, death, poverty, lunacy, misery wholesale. Still, the analogy will serve.

The election of M. Poincaré to the French Academy seems so reasonable to those who know his work, that it is inevitable that we should feel surprised that he has not been asked already to sit among the forty. He is the great apostle of the doctrine of "Science for the Sake of Science," so that his devotion to the cause of science leads him often to appear as actually the opponent of science. For we are all of us wedded to a conception of the value of science which can be estimated by the material good which we can extract from its lessons. On a solid mathematical basis physical laws are founded, and, guided by those laws, we make the elements and forces of Nature earn dividends for us—therefore we reverence what we term the truth of science. M. Poincaré will have no part in this sort of worship of science, which he regards as cupboard-love. His ultra-philosophical mind enables him to regard the unassailable verities as conventions or useful methods of expression; the facts of time and space are with him always relative—true to this extent, that if the premisses be exact, the deductions are exact; but imaginary to this extent, that as the premisses are not absolute, but only the interpretations of the human brain, the deductions also are not absolute. M. Jules Sageret, in the *Mercure de France* of March 1st, has a timely little essay on *la commodité scientifique*, as he terms the position of Poincaré towards science, and from this lucid little exposition of an attitude which requires a good deal of metaphysical explanation, we can gather how great a *savant* the new Immortal is, and how expansive and illuminating is his teaching.

The phrase "the dignity of labour" has no more sense than "the dignity of natation" or "the dignity of perspiration." All three actions are undignified for Cabinet Ministers in Hyde Park, and may be necessary to the preservation of life under other circumstances. The first hackneyed phrase was invented by or for those who have so little sense of personal dignity as to be secretly ashamed of their right to provide for their own necessities. Some one of a like class of mind taught the wretched agricultural

labourers that their useful and handsome smocks were less respectable garments than worn and ill-made coats. We have often wondered whether he was a candidate for demagogy, or an acute slop-shopman. But in what does the dignity of labour consist, in the act or the object? Dr. Clifford, we suppose, thinks the mental and vocal labour of organising conscience-strikes immensely dignified. We wonder whether Dr. Fairbairn thinks there is any dignity in brewing.

Our contemporary *The Sphere* publishes an interesting illustration of French ecclesiastics engaged in various forms of handicraft, ranging from ornamental painting—from the specimen offered to view, we deprecate this exercise—to bee-keeping. We include the last, because we believe that those working insects, like their present types, require peculiar manipulation. Our contemporary's contributor also quotes the book, "*Les Métiers Possibles du Prêtre de Demain*," and represents its author, the Abbé Louis Ballu, as:

passing in review the employments which he considers compatible with the ecclesiastical dignity.

We have not read the book, though we shall do so, but the contributor must surely unintentionally misinterpret the author. Since net-fishing and tent-making were not incompatible with the pontifical and episcopal dignities, no labour is incompatible with the sacerdotal, nor, as far as we know, is any forbidden by ecclesiastical authority, in cases of necessity. French ecclesiastics are not the men to cherish vague illusions as to dignity or indignity in labour.

To Monsieur l'Abbé Ballu is apparently due the honour of having initiated a union of ecclesiastic workmen, formed with the object of supporting themselves under their persecution by the French Government, during hours when they are not occupied by their spiritual functions—at least, for so long as the Government permits them to do so. It is likely that this will not be for long, and the majority of our English contemporaries which applaud the dominance of French Freemasonry, may soon have to find excuses for further application of its peculiar notions of liberty. They can easily do so on the analogy of similar restrictions in England, applicable to the clergy of the Church of England. Though none such restrictions exist in the case of Nonconformist ministers, we do not fancy that many compete for "the dignity of labour" which their political brethren commend so loudly.

Since the writers of these "Life and Letters" are not collectively unable, if necessary, to provide and cook their own food, raise their own vegetables, and otherwise shift for themselves with their own hands, we should have some right to congratulate these French ecclesiastics on their spirited action, if anything else were to be expected from men who have always shown the finest examples under persecution. We cannot attribute to them any increase or decrease of dignity for using their natural or acquired faculties for their own support. We do not ourselves exercise our own much, because we are engaged in the loftier occupation of providing amusement or wholesome irritants to our readers. On the reverse side, we may be allowed to point out to those worthy persons who keep the Bible open with their fists, that when they begin to read it, they will find nothing in it about the labour of the Person Whose example they desire to follow. Christ's work in the carpenter's shop is traditional and consequently reference to it is incompatible with "simple Bible teaching." No single stroke of manual labour is recorded of Him in the Bible. His working of miracles—if not a Popish invention—was a distinct breach of the "Laws" of Science, by which our simple teachers desire to correct that purely sacerdotal compilation.

The Jewish Historical Society of England this year for the first time is issuing to its members advance *fascicules*

of Transactions. This is a good plan since it should keep up interest in the current work of the Society, and by submitting it to wider criticism, should enable authors to modify their conclusions, and so give greater value to the more permanent yearly volume. The current *fascicule*, the second, consists of a paper on King Alfred and the Mosaic Law by Professor Liebermann, who considers that Alfred, when translating the Decalogue, "must have used some text besides the Vulgate, which, however, seems now not to be known." Professor Liebermann discusses Alfred's purpose in prefixing the decrees of Exodus to his own code. It was not with any intention of giving them practical effect, but rather to show his people God's legislation, in some respects more severe, in others milder, than the Anglo-Saxon laws. His object was "half ethical, half political." A curious example of both intentions is found in the fact that while he omitted the Second Commandment as an apparent prohibition of Christian Saxon practices, he diplomatically "appended the prohibition of metal idols from a later verse in Exodus, an insertion directed against the heathenism introduced by the Danish invaders." Many other points are discussed, and the whole paper is full of interest.

We are glad to announce that Miss Gertrude Kingston will deliver two lectures on "The Drama and the Public" at 20, Hanover Square, at three o'clock, the first on March 26th and the second on March 31st. The scheme of the lectures is to consider historically the attitude of the public in England to the drama. The first lecture will deal with the Stuart Period, the beginning of the conflict; and the second with the Georgian Period, including the story of the interference of the State and of the censorship. Discussion is invited at the end of each lecture, and tickets can be obtained (12s. 6d. for both lectures, or 7s. 6d. for either) from the Social Bureau, 30, New Bond Street; or from Mrs. Silver (Miss Gertrude Kingston), 24, Victoria Square, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W. As a speaker, Miss Gertrude Kingston can compare with any in London of either sex, and since the subject of her lectures is one on which a great diversity of opinion exists, the discussion which will follow them is also likely to be very interesting.

The recent manifesto signed by various "eminent" Congregational ministers, which appeared a little while ago in the leading newspapers, is a delightful sign of the times. It marks one more among the countless "splits" among Nonconformists, and it amounts practically to the excommunication of Mr. R. J. Campbell from the general body of the "Free Churches." Even the Congregational ministers have at last come to the conclusion that there must be some limit to their "broad-minded tolerance," and the denouncers of dogma have had to fall back, willy-nilly, on—Dogma. Mr. Stead has seized the opportunity to interview Mr. Campbell, and the "interview" appears in this month's *Review of Reviews*. We apologise to our readers for quoting from it, but we feel that it is our painful duty:

Oh! (says Mr. Stead) there comes in my fundamental article of faith. That is, that we are all junior partners of God Almighty. Our duty is to do what He tells us, and it is our Senior Partner's duty, which He duly performs, to give us straight tips as to what He wants us to do.

This is the sort of thing that produces in our case what Stevenson called "deadly nausea and racking of the bones."

We learn that the feeling of the Welsh Nonconformist members of Parliament is very strongly opposed to the proposed census of attendances at "places of religious worship" in Wales. We are not surprised. The Nonconformists, by a continual process of "bluff," and by false assertions constantly made in public and in their own organs, have succeeded in impressing on the country a belief that they represent at least half of the whole population of these islands. As a matter of fact they represent

about one-sixth, or rather less. If the real facts as to their comparatively small numbers were made apparent, as they would be if the proposed census took place, their political power would collapse like a squeezed balloon. Small wonder, then, that they dislike the idea of a census! However, census or no census, there seems every prospect that their weakness will shortly be exposed. It looks at present very much as if the next General Election would resolve itself into a struggle between Nonconformists on the one side and the rest of England on the other. For our part we can wish and pray for nothing better.

Our remarks on March 7th concerning Mr. McKenna's name as an element for rhyme have been taken rather more seriously than we intended, and we have received a considerable number of "Limericks." There is a great unanimity in the choice of either "senna" or "Ravenna," one rhymers alone has discovered "duenna," two use "when a," and two "pen a." In order not to disappoint the rhymers, we print the rhyme signed "S. T.," which we think the best, with apologies to the Minister of Education for this frivolous use of his name:

There was a young man called McKenna,
Who one day proceeded to pen a
Posterous Bill;
But the country felt ill
And said, "Go to Gehenna, McKenna!"

THE CROWN

To-morrow slowly bears to me the crown
Of all my days and deeds, from fortune wrung
With sword and smile, quick thrust and dallying tongue,
Hates masked with love, and terrors trampled down.
For not to me, by right of ancient wrong,
Doth easy kingship fall from kingly sires;
No random throw of chance my life attires
In regal purple; but with labour long
Of desperate day, and swift, unslumbering night,
I smiled and slew and jostled through the years,
Till, one by one, my foes were put to flight,
And, one by one, behind me fell my fears.
Now none withstands me; and I feel, at last,
The sceptre in my grasp; for, when day comes,
And dawn is startled by the roll of drums,
My conquest, bruited on the heralds' blast,
Shall hail me king through all the cowering lands.
To-morrow—yet to-night I may not sleep;
But, like a robber, by the guards I creep
Into the chamber where the great throne stands,
To await the dawning majesty of day.
No sound is there, no light, save from the moon
Falls one dim ray to where, at stroke of noon,
My knees shall bend before him who shall lay
The gold upon my brow; when I shall rise
To stoop no more; and, throned on mailed power,
Shall sway the lands and peoples from that hour,
Unchallenged, and a king in all men's eyes.
Yet dawn delays. Before the throne I kneel
To await the morrow's crown . . . but, who art thou
Who settest this cold circle on my brow,
That grips my temples in a vice of steel?
Hark, hark the drums! Yet terror chokes my breath;
I cannot rise; my limbs are turned to stone.
Oh, who art thou who sittest on my throne?

"I am the king whom all men bow to—Death!"

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

REVIEWS

IBSEN

The Collected Works of Henrik Ibsen. Copyright Edition. Eleven Volumes. With Introductions by WILLIAM ARCHER and C. H. HERFORD, Litt.D., M.A. (Heinemann, 4s. net each.)

Ibsen. By EDMUND GOSSE. Literary Lives Series. (Hodder and Stoughton, 3s. 6d.)

In the public mind Dr. Gosse and Mr. Archer are regarded as an Ibsen Trust; they have—it is more or less rightly supposed—made a "corner" in Ibsen, and though they do not ostensibly conduct operations in concert, the fact that "There they are!" to some extent warns other people off. In Mr. Archer's edition of the works he has received some assistance from Professor Herford; but it will always be known, and rightly, as Archer's edition. It will remain for long, probably for good, the standard edition, and it richly deserves the honour. It is practically complete—though we admit we should much like to have a look at *Catilina*; it is gravely, thoroughly, and critically edited, and the translations are—save for occasional "bookishness" and occasional awkwardness, due mainly, no doubt, to a desire to keep close to the original—completely satisfying to those who are not knowledgeable in the Norse. In the same way, Mr. Gosse's will probably remain the only Life for the present. Admirable as it is, light in touch, humorous, full of apt allusion, and particularly valuable for its insistence on the intellectual upheaval of Norway as a factor in Ibsen's development, it is not a book, in our opinion, which could not be greatly improved on the issue of a new edition. Here and there it is, to tell the truth, a little thin, a little perfunctory, and a little slipshod, and we doubt whether Dr. Gosse read his proofs. Had he done so he would never have allowed "Colonel Newcombe" to pass him, nor have approved on second thoughts the word *irradicable* (which can only mean "impossible to root") instead of *ineradicable*, nor have printed two different translations of the same sentence from one of Ibsen's letters on pp. 190 and 192.

To Mr. Archer and Dr. Gosse no one would grudge their command of the Ibsen Trust. Mr. Archer has stuck to Ibsen through thick and thin for thirty years, defending him against all kinds of foolish or malicious misconstruction, enduring on his behalf all sorts of attack, by innuendo and otherwise, on his own motives, forcing Ibsen, to our great good, down our throats, and seeing that we got him as pure as could be in the circumstances. Dr. Gosse, on the other hand, was actually the first to introduce Ibsen to our then inhospitable shores. There are, however, at least two other names which the present generation, happy in its right comprehension of the great Norwegian poet, should not forget to honour; and it is a pleasant duty to take this opportunity of recording that the first English translation of any Ibsen play, *The Doll's House*, was the work of Miss Lord, and was actually produced and acted by a small company of enthusiasts in 1885, four years before Miss Achurch appeared as Nora; and that the first English translation of *Brand* was that by Mr. "William Wilson" published in 1891. Professor Herford makes no mention of his predecessor's *Brand*; Mr. Archer allows only a slighting reference to Miss Lord's courageous pioneering. And it is in our opinion particularly important to remember Mr. "Wilson's" translation of *Brand*. *Ceteris paribus*, we would always prefer a prose to a verse translation of a poem. We lose much, it is true; but what we lose is exactly what we cannot get "in its quiddity" from anything but the original; and for those of us whom even the desire to know *Brand* or *Peer Gynt* in the original cannot spur to mastering the Scandinavian tongues, a prose translation—especially when the prose is as good as Mr. "Wilson's"—is much safer. We want to know what the author said; no translation can tell us exactly how he said it; and—to take an instance—the famous speech of *Brand's* in Act IV. just after the departure of the Mayor

or Baillie gives us a much clearer and firmer idea not only of Brand's peculiar religious views, but actually of the man himself in the sober prose translation than we receive from the spirited verse of Professor Herford.

Echoes of old strifes linger in all these books—echoes of the days when Mr. Clement Scott and the other mid-Victorians railed at Ibsen for an obscene defiler of the purity of the home, and the Examiner of Plays declared him publicly to be "too absurd altogether" to be worth censoring. To others Ibsen was a gross provincial realist, to others a revolutionary; to others, again, in Mr. "Wilson's" words, "his theatre was the suburban chapel of a new denomination." Present days are fortunate in that these struggles and mistakes have rolled away. We see that, "if men who 'have missions' engage in decent devotion before a gargoyle, and women of enlightened morality transpose the negatives in the Ten Commandments with respectable intentions, Herr Ibsen's work is ill-interpreted." Present days understand that Ibsen was right in always speaking of himself as a "poet." He is, indeed, a "maker," a *poïetes*. He does not want to teach—though possibly Mr. "Wilson" goes too far in saying that his mind is *unable* to teach anything; he wanted, as he himself said of *Hedda Gabler*, "to depict human beings, human emotions, and human destinies, upon a groundwork of certain of the social conditions and principles of the present day." That sentence gives the clue to his work. Professor C. E. Vaughan, in his new and very interesting book, "Types of Tragic Drama," examines the realism of Ibsen, and decides that in only one respect is he a realist at all, in that he takes the material for his characters straight from the life of his own country and his own time—and that is why Dr. Gosse is so right to lay emphasis on the importance, in the study of Ibsen, of some knowledge of the *Sturm und Drang* of the Norway of those days. But so soon as Ibsen has taken his material, he ceases to use it like a realist. He was the first, and is still the supreme example of a poet making great tragic stuff out of the minute study of common life. The finished thing, the play (which remains a poem even when the author was most determined to deny it all poetic ornament), is no piece of realism. It becomes symbolical, mystical, idealistic. Words cannot express the subtlety of the movings of the half-realised or unrealised, the vague, subconscious elements of the minds and characters of these people; symbol must be called in to help; and beneath the spoken dialogue there runs another unspoken but mentally audible dialogue, in which deep calls to deep. Still less are these plays tracts. It is easy to think of Ibsen as a glum and silent doctor. He comes abruptly into the sick-room. The first thing he does is to open the window; the second to look at you with an expression that says unmistakably, "If you want to be better, it's you, not I, that can make you so." He prescribes you no medicine, but he leaves you with the *will* to recover and the courage to get up. That is the limit of his advice. And to regard him only as a doctor, concerned with the healing of your own little ills, to imagine that his only work is to open your window and rouse your will-power, is grossly to misconceive the extent of the man's activities and his importance to the world.

TWO POETS

New Poems. By HERBERT TRENCH. (Methuen, 6s.)

Interludes and Poems. By LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE. (Lane, 5s. net.)

THE accident of choice has brought together these two volumes by writers of various power and accomplishment, who are yet curiously alike in their absorption in ideas. In another respect, too, are they alike: they both treat the Muse unchivalrously, forgetting that she has not been in any degree illiberal in her gifts to them.

Mr. Trench is only less discourteous to the Muse herself than Mr. Abercrombie. He flings her a harsh epithet, cries roughly in her ear, and in her name is guilty of barbarous

rhythms and impossible forms. Pure perversity seems answerable for this violence, and often, alas! the Muse herself retorts with perversity, standing afar, averted, all but inappeasable. And then she will not hear aught that Mr. Trench utters in her name, and he is discordant, untunable, uncertain; or she cries to him, as he himself has told us in his "Stanzas to Poetry:"

Thy song shall be imperfect, never fear.

When she is farthest from him and most obdurate in deafness, he can but sing, of the "Daughters of Joy:"

You, from the dance yonder?

In tears, at this street-corner?

"I am going home, my friend.

(Strange, that you knew me!)

Dances are not for the sore heart, nor lights for the scorner."

At his worst he is strong; never is he trivial; but, in all seriousness, we could wish he had yielded a heartier and humbler service to her who will not accept save of a man's best. There is a grave and often noble music in these singular poems which it is a happiness to detect, even amid the harsher rumbling of metrical conflict; and when he is disengaged from the trouble of that strife, and has indeed that meditative leisure of soul in which only may the still small voice of perfect poetry be heard, then we verily have cause to thank him.

It were unfair, though hardly unreasonable, to judge the opening poem, "Apollo and the Seaman," by the recent performance of the illuminated symphony of this title at Queen's Hall. The new art of the blackboard, as it was termed, is as old as childhood; but new or old, ill or good, it would be hard to discover anything in verse more grotesquely inappropriate as theme for such a performance. The poem is a fine one, with a music of its own and a large general argument which is all that poetry can bear. But to argue with an orchestra and magic-lantern! . . . Enough of this! The subject of the poem itself is the loss of "the great ship Immortality" through the mutiny of Hell and the reproaches of the righteous; the anguish of the Seaman who hears of this; and Apollo's consolation of him with the thought that, though Immortality is gone down like the sun, the race of man lives and wins from sea to sea, and the Seaman himself will live in his child, with whose life his own is really one. It is a large theme, rendered somewhat obscurely into throbbing words. If we cannot accept Mr. Trench's melancholy conclusion, and if we think that the Seaman's natural objection to personal extinction is hardly well met by his bright interlocutor, we are nevertheless conscious of the sincerity of the author. To an unfortunate lapse of judgment must we assign it that Mr. Trench, not content with using the form of the "Ancient Mariner" for a poem of the modern mariner of thought, should also borrow the machinery of that earlier work—hanging, in place of the Albatross, a token "Judge Thyself" round the necks of the Immortality's rebels. Mr. Trench's invention, surely, needed no such poor contrivance. And, moreover, since the original of the form adopted is thus brought to mind in reading this poem, unconscious comparison is inevitable. It is not in depreciation of Mr. Trench's verse—which, if never magical, is frequently sonorous, noble, awakening—that we say it were far better had the comparison been rendered impossible. Of the other pieces in the book we have already spoken in general. Despite the creaking of the hinges, we like more than a little the "Stanzas to Tolstoy," and, unreservedly, the perfect little song "I heard a Soldier." We will quote one rare passage from "The Shepherd" for its antique loveliness, standing quite alone for beauty in the whole volume:

Or I, a Shepherd, am in Thessaly;
And the twilight village cries, "Hath he not come
On the last scented load of myrtle home?" . . .
He sits in the great valley wide and still
Blocked by the snow-capt Mountain, and his sheep,
Tawny and dark, roam far and crop their fill
Along the pastures, by the river deep.
His wandering fingers teach the stops at will
Melodies cool as water, soft as sleep.

That is, we think, the finest thing in a book which, but for

regrettable defects of form, would have been as entirely delightful as it is remarkable.

Of Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie we frankly confess that we hardly know how to speak. Never, we think, have we found such fluency and power entangled with such grave imperfections. What a second book may reveal of Mr. Abercrombie we do not know, but his first volume is astonishing and irritating, as well as welcome, and makes us curious concerning a second. The rhythm of his blank verse is often of a breakneck kind; he affects strange words which drive us to the dictionary—or would, if we were not already bored. Here is a passage, no worse than another, from the first of these Interludes:

Do some horror upon me, send some worm
Of eager malady to crawl my skin
Tracking, or blow uncleanness on it, of sores
Or vile obliterating trash, fuffair
Stiff in a stark mask.

Responding to this forcible prayer, God appears and, promising protection of the devout lady's virginity, enters into a discourse of His own Being.

Mr. Abercrombie, too, is given to those large, loose, empty phrases which is no vision or thought:

Thickets of stars, and windy plains of sky,
Where slope space reaches the lower lifelessness.

When He, thy Son, down to His promist judgment
Rides out of Heaven upon Eternity
Harnesses under His hands, and with one stroke
Of wielded holiness on this clotted nature
Breaks up mortality and turns to ghost
The whole fixed starry creature of the world. . . .

There is generally a looseness and rapidity of verse, a tortuous vehemence of language, which would make the simplest matter difficult. Think, then, of the perplexity prepared for the reader when the subject is the nature of Sin, the nature of God, the World, Self. Bravely, even violently, does Mr. Abercrombie attack these ancient problems, and his force of language might be convincing if only his meaning were clear. So often it isn't. The large ample phrases, the archaic words and strangled lines, go racing by, as though an assembly of the halt and lame, receiving power but not beauty of motion, were put to flight by sudden dreadful fear. Of the shorter poems at the end of the book, the first, "Soul and Body," unfortunately reminds us of a finer and loftier Ode by that incomparable singer, Coventry Patmore, "To the Body;" but if the involuntary comparison be put by, this is one of the most satisfying of all the pieces in the book. There is, too, an Ode, "Indignation," which but a little more zealous care had made perfect in its degree. We are sure Mr. Abercrombie, who but lately was writing to THE ACADEMY on the subject of "Cockney Rhymes," must agree that his rhyming of "sword" with "fraud" and "abroad" is indefensible. A small thing, perhaps, in a glowing Ode, but all the fire of it will not quite burn up this mote from vision.

It were mere waste of time to dwell thus tediously on the obvious faults of these poems if there were not fine and full evidence of real power; nor could we expect the author to forgive us for what might seem churlish severity if there were no excellences to name. Despite the unrestrained profuseness of imagery, despite the almost inextricable tangle of thought in the other longer poems, Mr. Abercrombie has given us in the Interlude called "Blind" a vital and original thing. It is curious to note that, while Mr. Trench hears poetry, Mr. Abercrombie sees it. His finest metaphors are of things seen. Flame runs through the imagery of this dreadful little tragedy of blind hate. It is not impeccable; the accuracy of the psychology may be doubted; the intrusion of metaphysics may be impatiently resented; but the subject is one an Elizabethan had loved for its grimness, and one which our author's singularly vehement manner is fully competent to develop. It is the simplest, the most direct of these Interludes, and it yields the best of the few passages quotable in illustration of the author's best quality. Here are the closing lines:

This crime is mine—O cramp is at my heart!—
I have the guilt. I need not so have grieved
About your eyes: it was I who was blind.
I know not how to bear you close to me,
The touch of your hands will be a fearful thing
For me henceforth. Give me your hands in mine;
The Lord in Heaven knows nothing can be
To any human soul more horrible
Than these poor dreadful hands; therefore I kiss them,
And it may do for prayer. At Judgment Day
Tell them, my child, you did not make his death.
I will not share it. It is all mine.

Even here there are hints of dangerous facility in the verse, bringing it a little nearer to prose than blank verse should dare to come. But if Mr. Abercrombie will occupy himself a little less darkly with questions of Why and Whence; if he will drive from his ears all remembrance and echo of Browning's verse—even, for a while, Shakespeare's—and permit himself a more frequent simplicity; if he will give himself to less unpleasant themes, he will, we believe, justify the highest promise of this book.

UNIVERSITY REFORM

John Bull and his Schools. By W. R. LAWSON. (Blackwood, 6s. net.)

SHOULD a great painter abandon his endeavours to paint a masterpiece and devote himself to producing pictures which will do well for Christmas supplements, or, perhaps, for bill-posters? Should Mr. Pater have torn his "Marius" manuscript to pieces, and consecrated his undoubted talents to the service of *Tit-Bits* and *Answers*? Would it have been better if Poe had laid aside his studies in death and dissolution, and had come forward as a smart American journalist? These are not frivolous questions, intended to excite idle merriment; they are queries which are forced on us by Mr. Lawson's observations on the ancient Universities of England. The past history of the ancient University, he says, gives it little encouragement to be either hopeful or self-confident:

Throughout its seven centuries it has never been thoroughly in touch with the nation, and until a comparatively recent period it never showed much desire to be. Spasmodic efforts are now being made to atone for past neglect; but it may be that they have come too late.

Oxford and Cambridge, regarded as national institutions, appear to have always been in a more or less false position. At no period have they ever exhibited a large and definite policy worthy of their national prestige.

This is very sad. And again, *apropos* of the fact that the native of India may substitute papers on English literature for the ordinary examination on Greek and Latin literature, Mr. Lawson says:

The papers specially allowed to "natives of Asia" would make an ideal examination for English students, but in the University Babel no one can be permitted to use his own tongue. The youth who knows and loves Shakespeare has to talk Plato and Ovid, while the young Bengalee whose mind is steeped in the Vedas has to struggle with "Hamlet" or "Paradise Lost." What a wide field for Gilbertian satire invites exploration in the Oxford and Cambridge Schools. They calmly proceed on the assumption that for academic purposes a general exchange of languages is indispensable.

Turning to the title-page one sees that this book is addressed to "Parents, Ratepayers, and Men of Business," and that Mr. Lawson is the author of "Spain of To-day," "American Industrial Problems," "American Finance," "Regulating the Money Market," "The Bank of England," and "London County Council Finance." It is evident that Mr. Lawson has familiarised himself with the deepest problems of humanity; American finance, which has been the despair of sages and the bewilderment of saints, presents to him no difficulties. He does not affirm by any sign that he has studied at either of the ancient Universities—at those "old, ancient colleges," as a friend of Mark Twain once styled them. Perhaps a course at a Cambridge College might not have been amiss. The system has its disadvantages, but it tends to repress such a sentence as:

It has never been thoroughly in touch with the nation, and until a comparatively recent period it never showed much desire to be.

This phrase may appeal to parents, ratepayers, and men of business, but it leaves lovers of the English language cold, or even annoyed.

Nevertheless, however deplorable the manner of this remark, its matter is interesting enough. It recalls us to our starting-point—the question as to whether Mr. Pater should have abandoned “Marius” so that he might compose chatty articles on “How to Get On in the Grocery Business,” “How to Make a Fortune in Six Months.” Clearly “Marius” is not in touch with the nation. No country tradesman ever thinks of issuing a reproduction of Rossetti’s work in his Christmas almanack, and Poe has always seemed morbid and unhealthy to the great mass of Englishmen. It is quite clear that if it is the duty of everything and everybody to be in touch with the nation, then the Fine Arts must cease to exist, and the artists must devote themselves to something which is in touch with the Great Heart. If one is careful and knows the law on the subject there is a good deal to be said for Company Promoting. The Adulteration of Milk has its bright side, too; but, as Mr. Lawson notes, Commerce has not yet taken its place in the Scheme of National Education.

Quite seriously, this will not do at all. Firmly, and for about the thousandth time, we must repeat that this criterion of being “in touch with the nation” is a criterion of no earthly or heavenly value—unless it implies, as it usually does, that the system, or work, or institution thus lauded is successful because it appeals to our beastliest or most sordid instincts. The nation, by which we must understand the vast majority of people, is by no means a good, or just, or competent judge of any single subject; it has not enough sense to see that it gets a good piece of beef or a good potato for its Sunday dinner, it has not enough sense to manage a workhouse, it has not enough sense to light its own streets, it has not enough sense to keep its hard-earned money in its pocket when some plausible rascal, who has been bankrupt under disgraceful circumstances a dozen times over, comes along with his Prospectus, with his Mining Engineer’s “Report,” with his farrago of obvious and infamous lies. In touch with the nation! It would be no worse, it might be more entertaining, to praise this or blame that because this or that was or was not in touch with Colney Hatch. In touch with the nation! With the nation that one year went into hysterics of joy because it was just not defeated by the Boer Sharpshooters; that the next year thundered its applause at the name of “Buller;” that finally placed “Dr.” Clifford in power; heaven help anything or anybody that is in touch with the nation! One were certainly on the safer side if one symbolised with the maunderings of softening brains and senile dementia. We do not know whether the common accusation against the Universities—that their system unfits a man for success in commerce or the industrial system—is true or false. If it be true, it is certainly the highest praise, and the greatest glory, and the supremest merit of these ancient and honourable schools of learning.

We trust that we shall not be understood to maintain that the Universities, as they are, are perfect. On the contrary, we believe that they are in urgent need of reform—in a direction directly opposite to that indicated by Mr. Lawson. Their chief fault is to be sought in their endeavour to assume an office for which they were never intended: Oxford was, surely, never meant to be the *Daily Mail* in stone; it is sad enough to see poor, bewildered dons busily engaged in reading up obsolete absurdities from Germany and founding reputations (with the readers of “Robert Elsmere”) for fearless, desperate originality and heterodoxy. And, furthermore, a good deal might be justly said as to the horrible perversions which have crept into the teaching of Latin and Greek, as to the elaborate precautions which have been taken to disgust the ordinary student with the very name of “classic,” as to the nauseous and nauseating “editions” of great books. In all probability the road of reform lies in the abolition of all examinations, in the return to the ancient method of exacting original work and independent intelligence from the candi-

date for degrees: this would make an end of the crammer and his pupil the parrot. The sage Mr. Lawson is strongly in favour of the abolition of compulsory Greek—and, indeed, the “Odyssey” is of little use in dealing with American finance. But the right way would, in all likelihood, involve the adoption of compulsory Persian; and a knowledge of the elements of judicial astrology should certainly have great weight in the granting of honours.

LETTERS FROM THE RAVEN

Letters from the Raven. Being the Correspondence of Lafcadio Hearn with Henry Watkin. Edited by MILTON BRONNER. (Constable, 5s. net.)

WHATEVER came from the pen of Lafcadio Hearn will be welcome to those who are sensitive to the elusive charm of his personality. Like some will-o'-the-wisp, he hovers behind his subject, leading you on over the ghostly by-way which he loved, and always as he flits he points out the beauties, faint, spectral beauties, unseen by a less discerning eye. You hear his clear, low voice, but just as the features are becoming shaped and visible they diminish and disappear. To his intimate friends even he seems to have been more like a loyal and beautiful shadow than a man. His mind, his being remains unrevealed, however intimately he may write. Mystery he encouraged, for mystery and ghostliness were a part of his nature.

The present letters have been edited by Mr. Milton Bronner, and he has done his work well and reverently. We are, however, a little surprised that no mention should be made of the two large volumes which were published in the spring of last year, and edited as “The Life and Letters,” by Mrs. Bisland. To them this slender volume is a pleasant supplement. It contains letters which Hearn wrote to Mr. Henry Watkin, and to an interesting unknown lady in his youth. The latter letters were returned to the writer owing to a misunderstanding with the lady, and he, a little oddly, gave them to Mr. Watkin.

Neither this lady nor Mr. Watkin are, we think, mentioned in Mrs. Bisland’s book. But certainly Lafcadio Hearn’s letters to both these friends touch his character with the tinge of a colour which is not to be found in his other letters. Mr. Henry Watkin was the first man to give Hearn employment when he arrived in Cincinnati in 1869. He was then nineteen and Mr. Watkin forty-five. Mr. Watkin, a very old man, was still living at the time of this book’s writing in Cincinnati. Mr. Bronner records the following conversation which took place on their first meeting in the printing-shop:

“Well, my young man, how do you expect to earn a living?”

“I don’t know.”

“Have you any trade?”

“No, sir.”

“Can you do anything at all?”

“Yes, sir; I might write.”

“Umph! better learn some bread-winning trade and put off writing until later.”

And Hearn was installed as errand-boy to the printer. But very soon they were on more intimate terms than is usual between master and boy. He swept out the printer’s shop, and read the books in the printer’s library; and, when he obtained a post as reporter on the *Enquirer*, he paid constant, almost daily, visits to his friend and benefactor whom he called “Dad,” and who called him “The Raven.” When he found Mr. Watkin was not at home, he used to leave pinned to the door insulting little messages, on which were drawn, with some skill, angry or sorry or dishevelled ravens, as the case might be. When Lafcadio Hearn left Cincinnati, and travelled to New Orleans in the South, he wrote long letters to his old friend. They contain accounts of the desperate straits in which he was to obtain work, how he fought with illness and hunger. But he describes the tremendous effect which the first glimpse of Southern scenery made upon him, and the passage is a memorable one:

When I saw it first—sunrise over Louisiana—the tears sprang to my

eyes. It was like young death—a dead bride crowned with orange flowers—a dead face that asked for a kiss. I cannot say how fair and rich and beautiful this dead South is. It has fascinated me.

The deadly struggle soon began, and his letters are long and harrowing; for over him hung always the terror that he would lose his sight. But just as he was coming to the end of his powers of endurance—"books and clothes all gone, shirt sticking through seat of my pants—literary work rejected East—get a five-cent meal once in two days—don't know one night where I'm going to sleep next—and am d—d sick with climate into the bargain"—he obtained a position as assistant-editor of a paper called the *Ilem*. "Somehow or other," as he puts it to the Dear Old Man, "when a man gets right down in the dirt, he jumps up again." Then come quaint schemes for making money quickly and enabling him to realise the dream, which always haunted him, of travelling to England, or Japan, or Greece, wherever the spirit moved him. But these schemes came to nothing. Very strangely these letters fulfil the prophecy which was made in one of the first. The passage illustrates the aloofness of Hearn's character so clearly that it is impossible not to quote it in its entirety:

Well, I suppose you are right. I live in and by extremes, and am on an extreme now. I write extremely often because I feel alone and extremely alone. By-and-by, if I get well, I shall write only by weeks, and with time perhaps only by months, and when at last comes the rush of business and busy newspaper work, only by years—until the times and places of old friendship are forgotten, and old faces have become dim as dreams, and these little spider-threads of attachments will finally yield to the long strain of a thousand miles.

But he remained loyal to the friend who had helped him so greatly at the outset of his career until the last years of his life, though indebtedness is not wont to strengthen any bond of affection among men. No ear could catch any hint of coldness or of change in the last letter which Lafcadio Hearn wrote to Henry Watkin; on the contrary, years had only deepened his affection:

Dear old Dad—How nice to get so dear a letter from you! I know the cost to you of writing it, and my dear old father must not imagine that I do not understand why he cannot write often. With his little grey boy it is much the same now: he finds it hard to write letters, and he has very few correspondents. . . . I have two or three dear friends in this world: is not that enough?—you being oldest and dearest.

The second part of the book contains Lafcadio Hearn's sixteen letters to the unknown lady. They show the odd traits of his whimsical mind; but they would be of greater interest if more details were known about the lady to whom they were written. We should then be able to distinguish between what he wanted to say and what he was obliged to say by her lack or power of understanding: so true is the axiom that it requires two to tell the truth. The book ends with extracts from the news-letters which Lafcadio Hearn wrote under the name of "Ozias Midwinter." He took the name from a character in "Armada," a novel by Wilkie Collins. Mr. Bronner has with great skill drawn a parallel between the character of Lafcadio Hearn and the character in the novel. He has shown why Ozias must have made a special appeal to Hearn's sympathy, and certainly the resemblances are most striking.

A MISLAID POET

IN the closing years of my favourite last century, when poetry was more discussed than it is now (at all events as a marketable commodity), few verse-writers were overlooked. Bosola's observation about "the neglected poets of your time" could not be quoted with any propriety. Mr. John Lane would make long and laborious journeys on the District Railway, armed *bag-à-pied*, in order to discover the new and unpublished; but now he has shot over all the remaining preserves; laurels and bays, so necessary for the breed "of men and women overwrought," have withered in the London soot. There was one bright creature, however, who escaped his rifle; she was brought down by another sportsman, and thus missed some of the fame which might have attached to her had she been trussed

and hung in the Bodley Head. Poaching in the library at Thelema, I came across her by accident. Her song is not without significance.

In 1878 Georgiana Farrer mentioned on p. 190 of her "Miscellaneous Poems" "I am old by sin entangled;" but this was probably a pious exaggeration. Only some one young and intellectually very vigorous could have penned her startling numbers. I suggest that she retained more of her youth than, from religious motives, she thought it proper to admit. In the 'eighties, when incense was burned in drawing-rooms and people were talking about "The Blessed Damosel," she could write of Paradise:

A home where Jesus Christ is King,
A home where e'en Archangels sing,
Where common wealth is shared by all,
And God Himself lights up the Hall.

She was philosemite, and from the reference to Lord Beaconsfield we can easily date the following:

You who doubt the truth of Scripture,
Pray tell me then who are the Jews?
Scattered in all lands and nations,
Pray why their evidence refuse?

It seems to me you must be blind;
Are they not daily gaining ground?
We find them now in every land,
And well nigh ruling all around.

Their music is most sweet to hear;
Jews were Rossini and Mozart,
Mendelssohn, too, and Meyerbeer;
Grisi in song could charm the heart.

The funds their princes hold in hand;
Their merchants trade both near and far
Ill used and robbed they long have been
Yet wealthy now they surely are.

In Germany who has great sway?
Prince Bismarck, most will answer me;
Our own Prime Minister retains
A name that shows his pedigree.

Who after this will dare to say
They nought in the strange people see
Do they not prove the Scripture true,
And throw a light on history?

The twenty-five years that have elapsed since the poem was written must have convinced those innocent persons who "saw nought" in our Israelitish compatriots; and I never heard before that Prince Bismarck or Mozart were of Jewish extraction!

Mrs. Farrer was, of course, an evangelical, somewhat old-fashioned for so late a date, and fairly early in her volume she warns us of what we may expect; she is anxious to damp any undue optimism as to the lightness of her muse. When worldly, foolish people like Whistler and Pater were talking of "art for art's sake," she could strike a decisive didactic blow:

My voice like thunder may appear,
Yet oft times I have shed a tear
Behind the peal, like rain in storm,
To moisten those I would reform.
Then pardon if my stormy mood,
Instead of blighting, does some good.
Sooner a thunder-clap think me
Than sunstroke sent in wrath on thee.

With a splendid Calvinism, too rare at that time (if I may say so in THE ACADEMY without offending Mr. Machen), she would not argue beyond a certain limit; there was an edge, she realised, to every platform; an ounce of assertion is worth pounds of proof. Religious discussion after a time, becomes barren:

Then hundredfolds to sinners
Must be repaid in Hell.
If you think such men winners,
We disagree. Farewell.

But to the person who is right (and Mrs. Farrer was never in a moment's doubt, though her prosody is influenced sometimes by the sceptical Matthew Arnold) there is no mean reward:

I sparkle resplendent,
A star in His crown,
And glitter for ever,
A gem of renown.

From internal evidence we can gauge her social position,

while her views of caste appear in these radical days a trifle *demodé*. Her metaphors of sin are all derived from the life of paupers:

Paupers, through their sinful folly,
Are workers of iniquity,
Living on Jehovah's bounty,
Wasting in abject poverty.
A pauper's funeral their end,
No angels waft their souls on high;
Rich they were thought on earth, perhaps,
Yet far from wealth accursed they lie.
Who are the rich? God's Word declares,
The men whose treasure is above—
Those humble working *gentlefolk*
Whose life flows on in deeds of love.
Despised in life I may remain,
Misunderstood by rich and poor;
An entrance yet I hope to gain
To wealthy plains on endless shore.
No paupers in that heavenly land,
The sons of God are rich indeed;
His daughters' all His treasures share;
It will their highest hopes exceed.

Those paupers who are "saved" are rewarded by material comforts such as graced the earthly home of Georgiana herself, "one of the humble working *gentlefolk*." She enjoys her own fireside with an almost Pecksniffian relish, and she profoundly observes as she sits beside her hearth:

Like forest trees men rise and grow;
Good timber some will prove,
Others, decayed as fuel piled,
Prepared are for that stove
That burns for ever, Tophet called,
Heated by jealous heat,
Adapted to destroy all chaff,
And leave unscorched the wheat.

Excellent Georgiana! She could not stand very much chaff of any kind I expect.

The alarming progress of ritualism in the 'eighties (*pace*, Mr. Machen!) disturbed her considerably, though it inspired some of her more weighty verses. They should be favourites with Dr. Clifford and Canon Hensley Henson:

Some men in our days cover over
A body deformed with their sin
A cross worked in various colours,
Forgetting that God looks within.

Alas! in our churches at present
Simplicity seems quite despised;
To represent things far above us
Are heathenish customs revived.

This evil is spreading among us,
And where will it end, can you tell?
Join not with the misled around us,
Take warning, my readers . . .

While the veneration of the Blessed Virgin goaded her into composition of stanzas unparalleled in the whole literature of Protestantism:

My readers, can you nowhere see
A parallel to Israel's sin?
The House of God, at home, abroad
Idols are there—that house within.
Who incense burns? are strange cakes made?
What woman's chapel decked with gold
Stands full of unchecked worshippers
Like those idolators of old?
The Blessed Virgin—blest she is
That does not make her Heaven's Queen!
Yet some are taught to worship her;
What else does all this teaching mean?

What she denied to the Mother of God she accorded (rather daringly, I opine) to one Harriet, whose death and future are recorded in the following lines:

Declining like the setting sun
After a course divinely run,
I saw a maiden passing fair
Reposing on an easy chair.
A Bridegroom of celestial mien
Came forth and claimed her for His Queen;
One with His Father on His throne
She lives entirely His own.

Harrietolatry I thought was confined to the members of

the defunct Shelley Society. But every reader of THE ACADEMY will feel the poignant truth of Mrs. Farrer's view of the Church of England—truer to-day than it could have been in the 'eighties:

The Church of England—grand old ship—
Toss'd is on a troubled sea!
Her sails are rent, her decks are foul'd
Mutiny on board must be.

The winds of discord howl around,
Wild disputers throw up foam,
From high to low she's beat about;
Frighten'd some who love her roam.

I do not know if the last word is intended for a pun, but I scarcely think it is likely.

I would like to reconstruct Mrs. Farrer's home with its stiff Victorian chairs, its threaded antimacassars, its pictorial paper-weights, its wax flowers under glass shades, and the charming household porcelain from the Derby and Worcester furnaces. There must have been a sabbatic air of comfort about the dining-room which was soothing. I can see the engravings after Landseer, "The Stag at Bay," "Dignity and Impudence," or those after Martin, "The Plains of Heaven" and "The Great Day of His Wrath" and "Blucher Meeting Wellington" after Maclise; I can see on each side of the mirror examples of the art of Daguerre which have already begun to produce in us the same sentiment that we get from the early Tuscans; and on the mantelpiece a photograph of Harriet in a plush frame, the one touch of modernity in a room which was otherwise severely 1845; then, on a bookshelf which hung above the old tea-caddy and cut-glass sugar-bowl, Georgiana's library—"Line upon Line," "Precept upon Precept," "Jane the Cottager," "Pinnock's Scripture History," and a few costly works bound in the style of the Albert Memorial. The drawing-room, just a trifle damp, must have contained Mr. Hunt's "Light of the World," which Mrs. Farrer never quite learned to love, though it was a present from a missionary, and rendered fire and artificial light in the apartment unnecessary during the winter months. Would that Mrs. Farrer's home-life had come under the magic lens of Mr. Edmund Gosse, for it would now be classic, like the household of Sir Thomas More.

Whatever its attractions, Mrs. Farrer was at times induced to go abroad, visiting, I imagine, only the Protestant Cantons of Switzerland. She stayed, however, in Paris, which she apostrophises with Sibyllic candour:

O city of pleasure, what did I see
When passing through or staying in thee.
Bright shone the sun above, blue was the sky,
Everywhere music heard, none seemed to sigh.
Beautiful carriages in Champs Elysée
Filled with fair maidens on cushions easy.
Such was the outer side; what was within?
Most I was often told revelled in sin.
Sad its fate since I left, sadder 'twill be
If they go on in sin as seen by me.
Let us hope, ere too late, warned by the past
They may seek pleasures more likely to last,
Or like to Babylon it must decline,
And o'er its ruins its lovers repine.

But London hardly fares much better, in spite of Mrs. Farrer's own residence at Campden Hill, if I may hazard the locality:

To the tomb they must go,
Rich and poor all in woe,
Strange motley throng.
Wealth in its splendour weeps,
Poverty silence keeps;
None last here long . . .
So much for thee London.

Except in a spiritual sense, her existence was not an eventful one. It was, I think, the loss of some neighbour's child which suggested:

Nellarina forced exotic
Born to bloom in region fair,
Thou wert to me a narcotic,
Hope I did thy lot to share.

Any near personal sorrow she does not seem to have

experienced, I am glad to say, else she might have regarded it as a grievance the consequences of which one dares not contemplate; you feel that *Some One* would have heard of it in no measured terms. Certainty and Content are, indeed, the dominating notes of her poetry rather than mere commonplace Hope:

I am bound for the land of Beulah.
There all the guests sing Hallelujah.
No longer time here let us squander,
But on the good things promised ponder.

It would be futile to discuss the exact position on Parnassus of a lady whose throne was secured on a more celestial mountain, even more difficult of access. But I think we may claim for her an honourable place in that new Oxford school of poetry of which Professor Mackail officially knows little, and of which the Vice-Chancellor (the President of Magdalen) is the distinguished protagonist. With all her acrid Evangelicalism she was a good soul, for she was fond of animals and children, and kind to them both in her own way; so I am sure some of her dreams have been realised, even if there has reached her nostrils just a whiff of those tolerating purgatorial fires which, spelt differently, she believed to be *permanently* prepared for the vast majority of her contemporaries.

ROBERT ROSS.

CANDLES

ONE of the first of those thoughtful surprises which commonly follow the period of unconsidering acceptance in earliest childhood was, for me, a surprise of a most prosaic order. Nothing, in fact, but that the street-lamps should be left burning, burning through the incalculable night, and not—as I had taken for granted—extinguished at my bedtime. Children's nights are indeed incalculable and infinite. To fall asleep in the soft "dimpsey" after an hour's idle singing and drowsy speculation, and then wake, startled, into the profound, still darkness; to sleep and wake again, from dreams and fears intolerably prolonged, into the same blank heaviness; yet again to sleep and feel yourself sleeping interminably, till you are heaved gently upon the sands of day—this is to have a sense of night's infinity. But that the courageous and steady lamp outside should burn unsmothered between the points of day and day, outlasting this infinity, was unthought-of, unthinkable.

The lights I remember were not the lofty electric lamps that now outstare and audaciously confound our metropolitan darkness, lights white or amber or purple; nor the piercing, afflicting green eyes of incandescent mantles. These were not; but the weary streets were lit, if lit it could be called, by those familiar yellow flickering gas-jets—so melancholy, secluded from rivalry one with another—lamps that served hardly to illuminate the road, but merely to mark its endless course. The lamplighter—at one time, I remember, a straight, austere-looking man, holding his rod with threatening authority as a flaming spear—must, I thought, be very familiar with the lamps he kindled. I took it for granted they were individual to him, thinking—since I knew not of number—he called them by name, as the carter called his horse; for what reason or necessity of communication I never asked. That, too, I took for granted.

It was not long after my first notice of street-lamps that I recollect having a light in my room to ease the appalling terror of sudden awakenings from clamorous dreams. Hours and hours have I lain watching dully the still, shapely flame, wondering, if wondering at all, why there was such a strange diminishing of the white column on which the flame was so delicately poised. Never, surely, was such exquisite balance maintained by cunning juggler or circus-rider as was kept by the serene flame which, puff as I might, flickered, but never—as I wanted it to do—fell over. At worst it would go out with the little bubble of petulant breath that smote it, but I saw that even then it did not fall; it simply vanished, leaving me dark and scared, crying (my sole evidence of precocity) for having

done what I had done. I might often cry now when I have done the thing I wanted to do.

One night, in defiance of warning, of prophecy of ensuing distress, I had puffed my cheeks sore, and the candle, finally, out. Gratification struggled with regret, and in the midst of the struggle I was alarmed by a sudden rosy flicker on the wall. Darkness followed, and then another flicker of awful vividness. There was no more darkness, but a ceaseless play and counter-play of light and shadow in the room. Inevitably I connected, without understanding the absurdity of the connection, the astonishing stranger-light that invaded me with the puffing out of the patient candle-flame—patient no longer, I feared. But curiosity conquered fear, and I slipped from the tumbled bedclothes and peered between blind and window-frame. Then I felt a quick glow of excited delight.

Our garden was not a large one; it was, in fact, oppressively small. Small as it was, however, it was sometimes called a wilderness—a word I didn't then understand, save vaguely as a term of reprobation. There was a general green from wall to wall—green shadowed and chequered by two or three trees and a giant barrier reared high against the importunate sun. This barrier was huge stacks of timber, mighty planks of pine—(Was it pine?)—brought from Norway and unshipped slowly, without aid of crane or pulley, at the neighbouring canal wharf. Strong men carried each plank, staggering with the burden, laboriously from the low barge to the ascending stack; and I had sometimes watched them climbing the dreadful height on a single narrow tread where to falter was to fall. Strong men they needs must be; and many of them were grey-haired men who through many years had tramped those narrow planks and bent under the weight of others; strong men, with leathern wrist-bands and trousers caught below the knee with leathern straps and shining brass; and on their heads a kind of leathern cap or helmet, with broad neck-and-shoulder piece, whereon the load rested. Monstrous, threatening, and incredibly dreadful were those high stacks to me, standing four-square to all the winds that blow, and escaping none. Sometimes dull birds would rest in them, pigeons would circle around; but beyond these nothing ever lent the slightest amenity to the towering antagonists who reared themselves between the sun and our garden.

Nothing, until this night. The rosy flicker, the vivid flicker, the incessant play and counter-play of light and shadow over my bedroom wall—for these I had to thank one of those antagonists, the one directly contiguous to the garden. He was in flames. The danger simply did not occur to me; it was no more within my conception than the financial loss. I only regretted that my own candle was burnt out—a most unintelligible regret. The stars were all gone, lost in the near glare, but it was a clear, brisk night; there was little smoke, and the cool wind caught the lovely flames, and provoked an ascendant rivalry of a hundred rapid, fiery tongues. Shoutings and gongs and ringing hoofs of horses, and the immense concordant clamour of general alarm—these I hardly heard, being absorbed, as was inevitable, in the living leap and roar of emancipated flame. . . . Only when I was fetched away, and saw the scared faces of older people, did I know that I was expected to be afraid.

It is from then that my conscious memory of things is to be dated. Indeed, I have but one earlier memory of any kind, conscious or other. It is of a sister who died a little before or a little after the fire—I forget which. And her I only remember as light. My mother has told me of her golden hair, long and abundant, and I have the memory of the golden light of it amid the garden's monotonous green. I don't remember her face or her voice, but most clearly do I retain the sense of that young harmony of heavenly gold and green. To this day I seldom (I think) am aware of a like harmony in the visible world, but I am aware also of that all but unknown sister playing still in the green shade.

The fire was a solitary miracle, unrelated in its kind to anything else within my young experience; but the candle

was a nightly wonder. For some reason now obscure, I did not again send desultory breaths against its steady brightness; but in the regular interval between bedtime and sleep, and in the hardly less regular intervals of broken oblivion, I watched and watched the gentle, luminous shape with a patience as serene and unwavering as that of the balanced spire of light itself. Against the mean mockery of night-lights I protested; lamps I was not to be trusted with; there was no gas-pipe in my room, and besides, I loathed gas. Of course, there were frequent objections to the expense of candles, but these objections only gave me a better appreciation of the beautiful things, and a higher conceit of my own importance that could demand such treasures. Perhaps, therefore, it is not surprising that my recollection of certain events should be associated with the recollection of light. I remember, more clearly than the event, the perfect summer weather that reigned—it really did reign, and ordained for me, at least, many delights—when my uncle was buried, and I remember that, when the incongruity of burial with such beautiful weather struck me with an odd surprise, it was to my dead uncle that, childishly, I charged the incongruity—of which, perhaps, he himself was poignantly sensible. There was a day, too, of perfect light, exquisite in memory as a February bird's song, when we all roamed for hours in a great forest, and played and rode and watched the wild things that flew and ran and crept, laying up for ourselves, unknowing, heavenly treasure for consolation of dark days. It was a grey and windy day of sombre light—I don't know whether in autumn or spring—when, not long after the splendid fire (too splendid for the weak nerves of my seniors), we moved to a house that had been taken for two years, but in which we stayed exactly twenty-two. These days, and others, I remember only or chiefly by their light—no great marvel in that, after all.

So I owe much to my humble candle—humble! nay, independent, effortless, faultless. Have we such another tiny perfection, the work of our hands? Standing in the choir of Westminster Abbey, listening to the flame-like purity of the boys' voices in Anthem and Psalm, I have watched, as if never before, the wavering light of the tall candles sheltered in clear glass bells inverted on the pews. And I have watched, too, the counterfeit candles employed for benefit of the choristers—tiny electric lamps of such an irreverent and vehement glare that they must needs be dimmed by paper screens. The contrast has distressed me, as I have thought of the furious enginry, half-naked men and furnaces at one end of the secret wires, and the fierce little electric eyes at the other; while here, simple, sufficient, continent, with no such disturbing reminder of the sweating world a mile or a hundred miles away, shines the illumination of childhood and manhood, of love-letters written or received, of weary wakeful hours, of dreams and sicknesses, of death-watches, of distracted prayers, and of the noble ceremonial of public worship, when the candles shining starlike at the gleaming altar serve not more sacredly and not less usefully, than the candles shining upon the eastern'd faces of gathered worshippers.

Like a simple, humble life, the candle burns down; and happy the life that is consumed in service of the altar or in illumination of the prayerful aisles. Neither, however, is the whole service of the candle. In rude lamps of iron or cardboard, with a single eye of white or red glass, you may see the faithful flame on many a time-tinged house-front of L—. There was, in particular, one old woman who, by day, hobbled to and fro in the market-place on gossipy errands, living we knew not how unless by an "inward fire"—so cheerful was she—who, before night was well set, would stumble up from her cottage door, half sunk beneath the road, and hang, earliest of beacons, her little lantern high on the divers-coloured wall, mounting therefore, with infinite cautiousness, a stone step close by the low window. She was known as the Lantern Woman, and her sole possible pride must have been in the tiny guardian light hung, of her poverty, for use and guard of others. Perhaps she had felt the fascination of a candle, and could

never have hung an oil lamp, as the grand folk of L— were wont to do—never have conceived or permitted the impersonal vulgarity of gas. Lights like hers are yet not more faithful and unforgettable than the poor wick burning in a bath of yellow fat—the nearest approach to the perfection of a candle that San S— had achieved when I knew it a few years since. San S— bore an ill-repute for revolutions, murderous brawls, family strife, and all manner of violent iniquity. The very violence of its iniquity served, however, to protect weaker inhabitants against the subtler, smoother, unpenalised iniquity of fraud and chicanery to which in England we are well accustomed, almost reconciled. Desperadoes were there by the dozen—some men of substance, some of education, with no difference between them save that the substance often surprisingly disappeared, while the education left always a trace, a distinction, which even in San S— was not wholly disesteemed. Rich or poor, informed or ignorant, they lived much alike, with an alien splendour of silver and jewels amid rudeness and bareness, or with an unrelieved poverty not much different in its material privation from the squalid splendour. I came across one of these poorer bravos one night in a lonely brick house, his own habitation, but less frequently inhabited by him than the tavern in the town kept by an Irish American who had come South—not from choice. Dennis lay dying, alone. For weeks, for months, he had not been so sober, he confessed, lying there, in the garrulity which so often is the last failing and final comfort of the wretched. Bits of personal history he flung me (who knew by repute a little of his life), speaking often in comely words, with but a thin thread of the prevalent Southern slang. But all his talk and recollections were of comparatively recent years—of strife, raids, plots, efforts, failures, disappointments, with little regret save for the failures. Then he was silent, and heaved over to his right side and watched the sombre wavering of the uncertain light, a wick floating in a bath of nearly exhausted fat, multiplying and distorting the prolific shadows that lurked and flickered in each corner and recess. He watched and said: "I'm like that, young mister; nearly out. . . . Wonder which'll go first?" The flame seemed slowly to kindle remoter memories, and he added: "That little light reminds me of many things I thought I'd done with. . . . Seems I shan't die in peace. I used to watch the candles burning every day for years and years. . . . d'ye know where?" I shook my head, but he did not appear to heed my answer. "Well, I suppose I should be ashamed to say it. I was in the choir at Westminster Abbey; it's a dirty river between there and here. . . . I suppose the candles are burning there now?" he added. I nodded, seeing he but wanted to talk, and not to listen; and I hadn't the heart to tell him that there were now electric imitations whose immoderate glare must needs be defeated by paper screens. "Good deal of difference between those old candles and this," he said, glancing at the poor little pool of yellow oil, gross, dirty, ill-smelling. "Same sort of difference between the choir and me now, lying here nearly out." He lay silent, summing up, I fancied; and I wondered what the judgment at the candid Bar of Self must be, after the hearing of charge and counter-charge, oath, evidence, and appeal. I don't know if he followed my thoughts, but he must have followed my unconscious glance at the table where his bright six-shooter lay—that and memory alone faithful to him. "Well, that's done some mischief, perhaps, but it saved me a lot." He said it judicially, not at all apologetically. Little more was spoken; he grew bitterly weary; the light swayed and went suddenly out, and I lit another wick. "I've lasted that out," he said, contentedly; and soon after died.

I smothered the new flare and went out softly, fixing a fragment of black cloth on the door for announcement of Dennis's death. The dark and the death bore heavily on me, but above were the pure cleansing candles of the night, burning unconsumed and sacredly upon the Altar of Eternity.

JOHN FREEMAN.

THE ACADEMY

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My own part in those astonishing years, though not altogether a passive one, was one rather of a spectator than an actor, an actor sufficiently behind the scenes to have fresh evidence to give, both for Lord Cromer and against him. I knew Gordon and most of Gordon's relatives; I knew Colonel Stewart; I have talked with Zebehr; I was in communication with Downing Street during some of the most anxious moments there; and, above all, my connection with the Egyptian revolutionists of 1882 caused me to be in the confidence of those Panislamists who were themselves in communication with the Mahdi. As Lord Cromer's critic in his quarrel with Gordon I am able to maintain a detached attitude, having held all through that both he and Gordon were in the wrong. I know that their diagnosis of the Soudanese malady was on either side faulty—Gordon's I think more so than Cromer's—but of the two physicians who were killing the patient I believe that Gordon, if left quite to himself, might have blundered on to the right prescription, while Lord Cromer hardly could have done so. Between them prescribing different remedies the patient inevitably died.

But before I go into the merits of their quarrel, I may, perhaps, be permitted to show how, before ever Gordon appeared upon the scene, the whole Soudan trouble might have been, without difficulty, avoided. In this I am able to speak as one wise, not *after* the event, but *before* it. Lord Cromer begins his account of the trouble of 1883 with an elaborate argument of the uselessness of the Soudan to Egypt, and the necessity there was, especially after the defeat of Hicks by the Mahdi, of abandoning provinces which the Egyptian Government was incapable of defending or holding to any profit. Now I, as an Egyptian sympathiser, had long been of the opinion that Egypt had enough to do with her own purely Egyptian affairs without ruling the Soudan. As long before as the year 1880, in one of my letters to Downing Street, I had said:

I cannot conceive why Egypt should charge itself with governing the Nile beyond the First Cataract, its old boundary.

And this was the idea of most of the Nationalists of 1882. It will therefore easily be understood that, if Mr. Gladstone had had the courage to insist on a restoration of the National Party after Tel-el-Kebir, one of the first Nationalist reforms would have been in the direction of coming to terms with the Mahdi and retiring from the Upper Nile provinces. That this was in fact so, even before the defeat of Hicks, is proved by a pronouncement made through me by the exiled leaders of the party when I visited them in Ceylon in the autumn of 1883. Writing from Colombo on November 5th, after giving their programme of the reforms needed by Egypt, the following passage occurs:

Although he (Arabi) is of opinion that a certain connection will always be necessary between the lower and upper waters of the Nile,

he holds that in the present military and financial position of Egypt it is unwise to attempt the reconquest of all or, perhaps, of any of the lost provinces. He believes that the movement of the so-called Mahdi is not one merely of fanaticism, or that it is only a revolt of the slave-dealers. He thinks that Mohamed Ahmed commands the goodwill of the inhabitants, and that it would be far wiser for the Egyptian Government to come to terms with him than to continue their military operations against him. The Soudan brings nothing into the Cairo treasury, and if Egypt is to enjoy liberty at home she should avoid ideas of conquest abroad. The terms that could be made with the Mahdi Arabi has been too long out of Egypt to judge; but from the communications which reached him while in power he does not believe a friendly arrangement admitting Egypt's suzerainty impossible. The suzerainty of Egypt the Soudanese would probably be glad to admit, for it would protect them against European aggression.

Now this was written three weeks before the news of Hicks's disaster reached Cairo, or before Lord Cromer had given his first note of alarm to the Foreign Office about the Soudan. Also its publication in the *Times* on the morning of December 13th coincides exactly with Lord Granville's decision of that same day ordering the abandonment of Khartoum—a coincidence which can hardly have been fortuitous. It may, therefore, be taken as certain not only that Lord Cromer would have met with no difficulty on the part of the Nationalists in his resolve to withdraw the garrisons, but that, had a Nationalist Ministry been in power during the summer, Hicks would never have been sent to his death, the Upper Nile provinces would have been long ago evacuated, and as soon as the necessity arose a retirement to Assouan would have been their programme. Yet we find Lord Cromer in his book complaining that he was quite unable to find an Egyptian Minister willing, even two months after the disaster, to withdraw. None of the reactionary Court party he was maintaining in power would hear of it, and he could suggest nothing better than to threaten the Khedive with forming a Ministry of Englishmen, thereby undertaking for England new responsibilities which bound her with a stronger tie than ever to Egypt. Lord Cromer, of course, does not mention the *Times* pronouncement in his book; and his silence is only another instance of his unwillingness to admit the truth—namely, that every reform of importance introduced by him was borrowed originally from Nationalist suggestions. On the contrary, he would have us believe that the Soudan imbroglio was one out of which there was no exit but a violent one, and that the whole fault of the seriousness of the situation lay with the Egyptians.

It was in India that the news reached me of Gordon's mission to Khartoum. I learned it by a public telegram without any precise statement of its object, though rumours had preceded it, founded no doubt on his Pall Mall utterances. The year before I had discussed this very matter of the Soudan with Gordon, and had found him obstinate as to the necessity of retaining Khartoum under all circumstances for Egypt. I was consequently alarmed lest he should make the mistake of trying now to hold it, knowing better than he did how all-powerful the influence of the Mahdi had become; and I wrote to warn him:

Delhi, January 24th, 1884.

My dear General—I feel obliged to write to you about your mission to the Soudan. I see it announced to-day by telegraph without explanation of the object, but I cannot wait till more definite news arrives, and I desire to warn you. It may be you are going there to make peace between the Mahdi and our troops in Egypt, to acknowledge his sovereignty in the Soudan, and arrange terms for the evacuation of Khartoum. If so, I can only wish you God-speed. It is a good work, and you will accomplish it. But if, as I fear it may be from the tradition of some of those in power, the object of your mission is to divide the tribes with a view to retaining any part of the country for the Khedive, to raise men for him and scatter money, it is a bad work, and you will fail. Neither your courage, nor your honest purpose, nor the inspiration which has hitherto guided you will bring success. I know enough to be able to assure you that every honest Mohammedan in Egypt and North Africa and Arabia sympathises with the Mahdi's cause, not necessarily believing him to have a Divine mission, but as representing ideas of liberty and justice and religious government which they acknowledge to be Divine. For this reason you will only have the men of Belial on your side, and these will betray you.

I beg you be cautious. Do not trust to the old sympathy which united Englishmen with the Arabs. I fear it is a thing of the past and that even your great name will not protect you with them. Also consider what your death will mean—the certainty of a cry for vengeance in England, and an excuse with those who ask no better than a war of conquest. I wish I could be sure that all those who

are sending you on your mission do not foresee this end. Forgive me if I am wrong in my fears, and believe me yours very gratefully in memory of last year,

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

This letter reached Gordon—if, indeed, it reached him—too late to hinder the mistakes he made. These were, first, his misunderstanding of the Mahdi's immense moral power in the Soudan; secondly, his acceptance of service under Tewfik; and thirdly, what Lord Cromer has well pointed out, his fighting instinct, which overbore all other feeling when it came to a doubtful choice between peace and war. I find in my diary of 1884 a number of interesting entries bearing upon all these points. I will quote here only one, written on my return to London:

April 23rd, 1884.—Met Brocklehurst, Gordon's chief friend and correspondent, and had a long talk with him about Gordon. It appears that Gordon asked repeatedly for me when he was starting for Egypt, and it is a thousand pities I did not see him (being away in India), as I could have prevented his making the mistake of going to Tewfik and not going to the Mahdi. Brocklehurst declares that Gordon from first to last has refused to believe in the Mahdi's influence, and does not believe in it now. He says that, if he had done so, he would certainly have made friends with him.

I have never ceased regretting that I was not at hand to argue these points personally with him before he started on an adventure so perilous, or that I did not telegraph my message instead of writing, for he would have received it just when he was making up his mind at Cairo. I could have warned him how useless would be any attempt such as he had in his head of setting up any government at Khartoum in opposition to the Mahdi; that his sole chance of withdrawing the garrisons lay in his putting himself at once into friendly communication with him, and that all idea of more than this was useless. I could have warned him how little respect the Khedive's name any longer inspired, and how he would have had a better chance of treating for the abandonment without than with Tewfik's firman. I could even, perhaps, have helped him in the matter of credentials if he went only as a messenger of peace. Lastly, I could have warned him against those who in England were making use of him to force Gladstone's hand into a new venture as they had forced it into bombarding Alexandria. Unfortunately, however, I lost this opportunity, and in another week he was committed to a line of policy which had not the smallest possibility of success. What I believe was in his secret heart was that it would be possible for him to what the *Pall-Mall Gazette* called "Sarawak" the Soudan. It was an *ignis fatuus* that led him to his death.

Lord Cromer's sketch of Gordon's character, though he is unjust with charging him with a dereliction of duty, is not otherwise than a true one. Gordon and Baring were in temperament the antipodes of each other. Baring, born in the financial purple, prudent, businesslike, persistent of purpose, intolerant of sentiment and of all untidiness of thought; Gordon imaginative, changeable, sympathetic to new ideas, venturesome to rashness, a man of genius in action, something of a mystic, something of a fanatic, untamably self-willed. It is no wonder that they did not agree. They had already had official words together in 1878, and had parted not friends. Gordon's explanation of the quarrel with him is on record:

Baring (he writes to his brother in that year) is in the Royal Artillery, while I am in the Royal Engineers. Baring was in the nursery when I was in the Crimea. He has a pretentious, grand, patronising way with him. . . . When oil mixes with water we will mix together.

It is not surprising, then, that Lord Cromer, while recommending the despatch of a British officer of high rank to Khartoum, twice refused Gordon's services for evacuating the Soudan when they were offered him by the Foreign Office. I do not say that from his point of view he was not right. Gordon irritated him. He knew that he would prove an insubordinate subordinate, and Lord Cromer has been always intolerant of independence in men serving under him. When he left London Gordon had a commission pretty free of Lord Cromer. He was to go to Suakim without passing through Cairo. Lord Cromer says that he would have failed to reach Khartoum by that road. Possibly it would have depended on how he was accom-

panied. Anyhow he did not let him pass. He was resolved to harness him. Gordon was waylaid by military friends at Port Said and brought to head-quarters. Lord Cromer made him see Nubar, the Prime Minister, and took him next morning to present him to the Khedive. Gordon was only too easily persuaded by them to accept a new mandate, and go to Khartoum as Tewfik's Governor-General of the Soudan. I cannot see how it is possible for Lord Cromer to evade his responsibility for the change of plan. He says it was suggested by Gordon, and approved by Granville. But it is clear that he himself concurred in it, stipulating only that Gordon was to be not solely in the Khedive's service, but dependent also on himself. The change of plan anyhow was vital.

Lord Cromer in his book skilfully avoids giving the text of the firman of appointment issued to Gordon at Cairo naming him Governor-General, and dwells instead upon a memorandum drawn up by himself restricting Gordon's duty in the Soudan within comparatively narrow limits under his own direction. The firman, however, is by far the more important document. It is of the widest latitude, by no means confining Gordon's duty to evacuation:

You will take the necessary steps (it says) for establishing an organised government in the different provinces of the Soudan for the maintenance of order and the cessation of all disasters and incitements to revolt.

It is absurd to pretend that Lord Cromer, who consented to such words in Gordon's commission, thought only, or even perhaps principally, of a withdrawal of the garrisons. My own belief on this important point—and it is all-important in view of Lord Cromer's contention that Gordon failed to do his duty—is that there is still something undisclosed in the intention of those who drafted the firman. What I read in it is this—and I heard on my return to England that it was so. The sending of Gordon to Khartoum was, so to say, a political gamble. Besides his ostensible first duty of withdrawing the Egyptian garrisons, Gordon was to be given his chance of "Sarawaking" the Soudan. If he succeeded, well and good. The British Government would profit by it in public opinion at home, and was freed from an embarrassment in Egypt. If he failed, he would either be killed, or could be ordered back, or in the minds of some—I will not here say whom—Mr. Gladstone's hand could be forced into supporting him with British or Indian troops. Mr. Gladstone, of course, was not made acquainted with this part of the plan. On the contrary, Gordon's first commission "to report" was in all probability a blind to get the Prime Minister's acquiescence. I doubt if Mr. Gladstone ever read the text of the firman till he saw it printed in the Blue Book. Hence his anger with Gordon, his unwillingness to send troops, the repeated delays. It is difficult to understand that Lord Cromer, who was concerned in drafting the firman, was blind to its only possible meaning. Or why is the text of it absent from his book? If Gordon was to "establish an organised government in the different provinces" how can Lord Cromer pretend with any logic that Gordon, whom he forbade to treat with the Mahdi, was not to fight with him? Also, is it possible that he did not all along foresee that he must be supported, if in difficulties, with a British army? He says he would sooner for this reason have sent an Egyptian General who would not have necessitated English help. Quite right. Yet it was he who had first suggested an English officer being sent. Failing this, he says, he would have liked to send Stewart, a plain Scotch soldier, cautious, imaginative, without Oriental sympathy, a man after Lord Cromer's own heart. But Stewart ran precisely the same risk and more, except that he could be depended on, which Gordon could not, to return when recalled, and to accept the blame of failure when he failed.

All that Lord Cromer succeeds in showing in his book is that he blundered a little less badly than the Government at home. It is clear that, in spite of his better knowledge of the situation, he allowed Gordon to persuade him that things at Khartoum were less than desperate; that some sort of Government could be established there in opposition to the Mahdi by "dividing the tribes and scattering

money," or why should he have allowed the insertion of that clause in the firman? It was Lord Cromer who took Gordon to the Khedive and got him named Governor-General. After this initial blunder, both he and Gordon seem to have made, even on his own showing, every conceivable mistake. Gordon's one reasonable idea at Cairo was to take Zebehr with him, and to take him *at once*. But Lord Cromer opposed and delayed. Zebehr was a man of the most distinguished Soudanese Arab type, perfectly acquainted by the whole situation in the Soudan. Though he could not have established himself as the Mahdi's rival, nor would he have attempted it, he could have put Gordon into communication with him, and negotiated a withdrawal of the garrisons, probably a *modus vivendi* with Egypt. At any rate he would have prevented Gordon from embarking on his desperate enterprise without any reliable advice. As it was, with no one near him to explain the truth, Gordon was as a blind man at Khartoum, and became the tool of his Greek dragomans, who betrayed him in interpretation and stuffed him with tales about the Mahdi. Zebehr would at least have hindered that last crowning folly of offering the Mahdi a tarboosh and a Sultanate—a childish insult which sealed Gordon's doom, leaving him no resource but the blind fighting instinct of his soldier-courage.

I will not follow the whole tragic history here. Much as I honoured Gordon, my sympathies during the heroic siege were not with him; and, though I grieved for his death, I rejoiced with all Egypt when Wolseley was baffled at Metemneh and Khartoum fell. Gordon had put himself, towards the Soudanese he once loved, too wholly in the wrong for me to feel otherwise. His love had turned to bitterness, and the Soudanese were "rightly struggling to be free" of him. Nevertheless, I resent Lord Cromer's attitude to-day towards the dead hero. He has not my excuse. He loved neither the Soudanese nor freedom, nor did he love Gordon. I cannot find, though I have carefully read and re-read his book, just cause for his complaint that Gordon "failed to do his duty." Gordon was given an impossible task to do, and was not allowed to do it in the only not quite impossible way. Lord Cromer subscribed to the conditions imposed, and did not insist upon his being allowed the means. If Lord Cromer could say that at any point of the affair he had distinctly ordered Gordon back to Cairo, he might have reason to complain of disobedience. But he admits that he did not do so. Short of this, Gordon alone could decide how best he was to fulfil his mission. The firman includes and justifies everything Gordon did, or failed to do, at Khartoum. While it remained uncanceled, no man can affirm, least of all Lord Cromer, that he exceeded his instructions, even when he included in it his wild resolve to "smash the Mahdi." If their heroic missioner had succeeded in doing so, we may be quite sure that both Lord Cromer and the Government at home would have taken credit to themselves for having ordered the "smashing."

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Saint Catherine of Siena. By EDMUND G. GARDNER, M.A. (J. M. Dent and Co., 16s. net.)

MR. GARDNER describes this work as "a study in the religion, literature, and history of the fourteenth century in Italy." It is, indeed, far more of a historical study than a biography. Many hitherto unpublished letters of the saint have been included in these pages, and the progress of historical research in Italy during recent years has placed at Mr. Gardner's disposal a considerable amount of information inaccessible to his predecessors in the same field. All this is of immense importance, and the student of Italian history must acknowledge a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Gardner for his painstaking labours. But this amplification of background has one serious defect: it tends to throw into obscurity the central figure. One is

conscious, as one turns the pages of this volume of vast, anarchic forces at work in a semi-barbarous society, of a welter of chaotic conditions through which emerges at rare and fitful intervals the radiant face of the holiest woman that ever even Italy gave to the world.

And it is, after all, with the saint herself that our interest mainly lies. The long, dreary story of the Papal schism and of the unhappy exile at Avignon has been told before a thousand times, nor does Mr. Gardner help us much towards a completer realisation of the facts. But no age can wither nor custom stale the infinite variety of such a character as Catherine of Siena. The daughter of an artisan, she held in her hand the destinies of Europe. In the midst of a world of strife and rapine she held aloft the standard of peace and justice. Her perfect meekness was more than a match for the warring passions of angry multitudes. In virtue of her marvellous sanctity she became the friend and counsellor of Popes and Bishops, the guide of the Church, the saviour of the Papacy.

One may be sure that it was with a great reluctance that she entered the troubled world of politics. It was in the silence and solitude of her cell that the sweetest visions came to her. It was there that she beheld the Christ Himself, Who instructed her, poor ignorant peasant that she was, in the secret mysteries of the Divinity. Those years of self-communing and ceaseless prayer were to bear rich fruit in her wonderful writings:

The soul that already sees her own nothingness and knows that all her good is in her Creator, entirely abandons herself with all her powers and all creatures, and immerses herself utterly in her Creator, in such wise that she directs all her operations primarily and entirely towards Him; nor would she in any wise go out of Him, in Whom she perceives she has found every good and all perfection of felicity; and from the vision of love, which daily increases in her, she is in a manner so transformed into God that she cannot think, nor understand, nor love, nor remember aught save God, and what concerns God.

It is inevitable that to the majority of twentieth-century readers the life of St. Catherine should appear something of an enigma. Gibbon dismisses her with a characteristic sneer. Her legend, in the opinion of the sapient historian of the Roman Empire, "might furnish some amusing stories." The stories of her flagellations, her divine espousals, and her ecstasies are alike meaningless to such a witness. "For the salvation of others," writes Mr. Gardner, "Catherine was prepared to endure the very pains of hell." This, too, has, doubtless, its "amusing" aspect! Modern medical science would in all probability describe her as a neurotic cataleptic, of somewhat more than average interest from a purely pathological point of view. We are apt to judge the past from the standpoint of "educated" America. But it is worth while to reverse the process, to apply the tests of the fourteenth century to the religious and social life of our own time. Arraigned before that pure and awful tribunal, it might well seem that we, with our boasted industrial system and New Theology, had given hostages to hell.

The Year's Work in Classical Studies, 1908. Edited by W. H. D. ROUSE, M.A., Litt.D. (John Murray, 2s. 6d. net.)

THE second year's issue of this invaluable year-book fully bears out the promise of the first. The several summaries of the various departments of classical progress are compressed into narrow limits, but form, none the less, a rapid and reliable guide to the literature of their subjects. Especially we would note Mr. S. L. Myres's article (IV.) on Prehistoric Archaeology, whose wealth of footnotes forms an indispensable bibliography of the ever-increasing mass of writings upon this fascinating development of archaeology. The chapter "Literature," by Dr. Sandys, is of the utmost value, and the footnotes with the names of publishers and prices will come as a boon to every one who knows the misery of seeking for a book with incomplete data. In the section on Roman Britain, by Mr. Haverfield, the most interesting work noted is that by Mr. Curle at Newstead. But of the whole book it is not too much to say that those seriously interested in the progress of classical study cannot do without it.

The Tinker's Wedding. A Comedy in Two Acts. By J. M. SYNGE. (Dublin: Maunsell and Co., Ltd., 2s. net.)

IRELAND, free from the irritating restrictions of a stage censorship, appears to be the one country in the British Empire where a serious national drama is being created. Mr. W. B. Yeats, Lady Gregory, Mr. Padraic Colum, and Mr. Synge have all done excellent work in the development of Irish drama. Mr. Synge, indeed, occupies a unique position, since he draws his material from the common life of the peasantry. Unlike Mr. Yeats, who has sought to revive the splendour of an immemorial past, Mr. Synge has gone straight to the life around him. He has achieved in his plays the union of realism with poetry. "The Playboy of the Western World" revealed him as a dramatist of an intense imaginative sympathy, with a keen appreciation of that poetry of dialect which still survives in Ireland. There is not a phrase in "The Tinker's Wedding" which might not have been overheard by some casual stranger passing through the villages of Ireland. There is not a phrase which is not instinct with a subtle beauty of expression. Mr. Synge has not been content with seeking for romance in the highways and hedges of his native land. He has rescued it from the very ditches.

"The Tinker's Wedding" is an episode in the life of a couple of itinerant tinkers, who, after having lived together for many years, seek to obtain for their union the sanction of the Church. The experiment does not prove successful, but it is hardly with the story that the interest of the play lives. Conceived in a spirit of the broadest and most reckless farce, "The Tinker's Wedding" is yet a faithful and subtly-executed presentation of Irish character. Mary Byrne, an old drunken hag, who succeeds, unwittingly, in frustrating the wedding, is a triumph of portraiture, and it is quite in keeping with her character that her speech should assume the measured cadences of great poetry:

I wouldn't have you lying down and you lonesome to sleep this night in a dark ditch when the spring is coming in the trees, so let you sit down by the big bough, and I'd be telling you the finest story you'd hear any place from Dundalk to Ballinacree, with great queens in it, making themselves matches from the start to the end, and they with shiny silks on them the length of the day and white shifts for the night.

Mr. Synge's work, with its freshness of outlook and spontaneity of expression, affords a refreshing contrast to the cramping conventions of English drama. He has provided an admirable substitute for what he has only too felicitously described as "the absinthe and vermouth of the last musical comedy."

Marshal Turenne. By the Author of "A Life of Sir Kenelm Digby." (Longmans, Green, 12s. 6d. net.)

"If a literary landmark should be required," writes the author of this interesting and elaborate *résumé* of the life of Marshal Turenne, "we may observe that we start five years before the death of Shakespeare." So much for the period of European history with which the author deals. In illustration of his style and method of portraiture he supplies another landmark—that of twentieth-century biography—in the fifth chapter of his book:

Condé (he says) was neglectful of his dress and personal appearance; and he allowed his hair to grow long and to hang as it would, unkempt. Judging from his picture, Turenne also never had his hair cut; and another celebrated contemporary warrior, Count Schomberg, was notorious for his long, uneven, and flowing locks. In those times it seems to have been considered the mark of a valiant soldier to waste no time at the hairdresser's, in contrast to the custom at present prevailing among many officers of having their heads shorn like those of felons undergoing penal servitude.

This gratuitous piece of "cheek" addressed to military men of the present day must, we imagine, have given something of a shock to Brigadier-General Francis Lloyd, C.B., D.S.O., who supplies an interesting Introduction to this Life of the great French commander. It is on all-fours with the following passage from the author's Preface:

To the obvious retort, "Then why did you write the book?" the author can only reply by saying, "Why do most of us do many things which we ought not to?" and by expressing the hope that any ludicrous blunders to be found in the following pages may amuse his military readers as much as it has amused him to make them.

This is not very encouraging, though we presume it is very modern; but, on the whole, the book is better than might have been expected from the above excerpts. A writer who thinks that there was anything singular in a French nobleman wearing his hair long at a period which began five years after the death of Shakespeare cannot be expected to give a recognisable picture of Turenne as a man and a courtier, in his social and political surroundings, for he evidently has not taken the pains to imagine life in France, or in any part of Europe, as it then was. But he relates the soldier career of Turenne clearly and fairly enough. It is a pity that an occasional lack of "high seriousness," without which the historian will always fail to convince, should have marred his work. He is quite right to blame Ramsay for denying imagination to Turenne:

Would it not (he says) be almost impossible for a successful commander-in-chief to be wanting in this quality? Could the strategist succeed unless he vividly imagined every movement which his adversary would be likely to make, in a given locality, under given circumstances?

That Turenne had the imaginative temperament necessary for a successful strategist, as for a successful chess-player, his campaigns amply prove, but nevertheless it was really as a tactician that he showed genius. General Lloyd says, very justly, in his Introduction:

Turenne's march to effect a junction with Wrangel at Friedburg is one that has rarely, if ever, been surpassed in the annals of war, be it taken either as an exemplification of endurance on the part of an army, organisation on the part of a staff, or moral courage on the part of a leader.

This march, however, belongs, strictly speaking, to the domain of tactics rather than of strategy, for, as General Lloyd himself admits a few sentences further on:

In the modern sense of the term Turenne's staff was non-existent.

And he adds:

What shall we say of the decision and moral power which enabled Turenne to make up his mind to enter upon so hazardous an undertaking? Certain it is that, if the modern soldier learns nothing else from the study of the campaigns of Turenne, it will be borne in upon him more than ever that all practices and all principles may pass away from the conduct of war save one—the moral. Of this Turenne was as great an exponent as the Corsican himself. It won them both many a battle, as much later it enabled Lee, aided by his great lieutenant, to keep at bay for so long the concentrated might of the Federal cause, and as it will decide many an action of the future, be it fought with the quick-firing guns and far-reaching rifles of to-day or the boundless possibilities of the future, such as airships, armed with unknown weapons, of which we see only faint indications in the present.

It was certainly the tactics, rather than the strategy, of Turenne which earned the admiration of Napoleon.

The Mammoth-Hunters. By ALFRED E. CAREY. (Greening, 6s.)

MR. CAREY, doubtless, wrote this book for children, and doubtless also children will find it a storehouse of fascinating lore. But if they leave the book about, the grown-ups will certainly appropriate it, and will not render it up to its rightful owners till they have read it from cover to cover. Profound students of Stone Age man may, and will, find much with which to disagree, and Mr. Carey's views concerning Stonehenge would certainly arouse the wrath of Mr. Rice-Holmes, and we ourselves are rather irritated from time to time by such passages as the following:

Is it too wide a field for the mind's eye to traverse, to picture how, when the floods had begun to shrink and the seasons to grow more tolerable, and the little Neolith workmen were busy piling up Stonehenge, some hoary old mammoth may have come down, in the gloaming or at dawn, and wondered what it all meant, and pondered on the changes since he used to trot, as a calf, by his mother's side?

But none the less there is a haunting fascination in the idea. And if the youngsters learn, as any intelligent youngster should, to think about the wonderful old days, from reading this book, the seed of a more scientific

interest will have been sown, and it will be time enough to weed out the romance when the crop is ripening.

The Epilogue, put into the mouth of a cockroach, is a delightful bit of writing, of the vivid, easy kind, that carries big ideas and tales of millennia as if they were feather-weight. And the language throughout is of a simplicity which might well be imitated by writers who appeal to a more mature public.

FICTION

The Virgin Widow. By RANDAL CHARLTON. (Methuen, 6s.)

IN many ways this is a remarkable book—in fact, so remarkable that it is with regret that we find ourselves unable to praise it unreservedly. But if it is necessary to point out its faults, it must also be understood that it stands on a higher plane than the majority of the books that are reviewed in this column. After reading but a little way into "The Virgin Widow," it becomes apparent that the method here is much the same as that of "The Master of Ballantrae;" there is the same sense of gloom that cannot be shaken off, and tragedy is in the air from the very first page. Here is a passage from the fourth chapter, which, even taken from its context, will show how Mr. Charlton is able to suggest the doom that is to come so swiftly and surely:

It was Friday evening, and so early that Francine, who had fallen asleep with her head on Ann's lap, had not yet gone to bed. Not a wind stirred, but the cold was like a blight. In this way it was without movement and intangible, yet severer than I can possibly describe. The air seemed to bite into my very bones when I crossed the garden in answer to the summons at the outer bell. A visitor at such a time was so unusual an event that for once I remembered Edward's injunctions, and peered through the grille, or peep-hole, before opening the door. I was speedily reassured. Looking through the grille, I beheld the rotund figure of a heavily-built man, who was bent half double over a stout wooden staff. A cumbersome pack, angular, and at first sight indescribable, was strapped upon his shoulders, and he appeared to be almost falling beneath its burden. Seen for that moment in the bleak darkness, silent and motionless, he first suggested to my mind an ancient pilgrim who had strayed from the direction of his shrine. I held my lantern up to the strange man's face and inquired his business.

The period of the story must be somewhere about the time of William IV., though it would be hard to give a date until p. 161 has been reached; and it professes to be told by one of the principal characters of the book, John Bulmer, a middle-aged man, "short in the left leg." To this defect is traced the aloofness from his neighbours of the narrator, which enables him to observe without himself being observed. He tells of his brother's death, and how Ann, his widow—she had been but a wife in name—falls in love with a young man, Bramwell Moore, and thinks that her love is reciprocated, while all the time it is Francine, her adopted daughter, who is the object of his affections; how Ann is blackmailed by an Italian named Garianni; how Garianni is murdered just outside their little farm, and how Moore is accused of the murder and tried; how Moore is acquitted through Ann coming into the court and swearing away her own honour, and then how she discovers that it is not she but Francine who is to reap the reward of her sacrifice; and then, finally, how Ann dies. Then, and then only, do we find out that John all the time had had a secret, passionate love for Ann, and that it was he who had murdered Garianni.

There are many wonderful scenes in the book, but perhaps the most impressive descriptions are those of the murder trial and of Ann's death, when the wretched narrator throws himself on the dead body of the woman whom he has always worshipped, and to whom he can only attain by her death:

Yet am I glad to have her dead,
Here in this wretched, wattle house,
Where I can kiss her eyes and head.

It is a very powerful story, but to us it seems to be marred by the deception of the narrator, who is deliberately misleading as to his actions on the night of the murder. In chapter xiv. there is a definite account of how he spent the night, which entirely precludes the possibility of his

having killed Garianni, and yet there is little room for doubt that in the last chapter of all he confesses that he did it. It is curious that so accomplished a craftsman as Mr. Randal Charlton shows himself to be should have allowed himself to be a party to such a fraud on the sympathetic and unsuspecting reader. Otherwise the characters are well-drawn. Ann especially is a very real creation, and one gets a very vivid impression of John, the narrator.

The writing for the most part is of a high order of merit, but it is extremely mannered, and perhaps to this the story owes a great deal of its charm and interest. At times, however, the author's desire to set down nothing that is commonplace runs away with him and leads to a certain preciousness, as in the following passage:

That Bramwell would so far forswear his passion for her as to house such a proposition as marriage with another woman in the tenement of a transitory thought, evidenced to her, in a moment charged with human tumult, that his former professions were of undurable quality.

And we cannot help thinking that "crops were demolished by the dozen" is not a very happy expression. Apart from these faults that we have pointed out, Mr. Charlton seems to us to have written a book which should appreciably raise the reputation he has already obtained with "Mave;" and we look forward to his next novel with a feeling of real interest and pleasure.

The Scourge. By WARRINGTON DAWSON. (Methuen, 6s.)

MR. DAWSON belongs to that small but distinguished band of novelists who deal with the great problems that arise from distinctive social and national conditions. There is something more than mere fiction in what he writes. He has keen gifts of observation and analysis. He has a thesis. He is a prophet preaching from a text. And he talks of what he knows. He is a novelist with a purpose, as every novelist must in some measure be who is a conscientious student of life; and in "The Scourge" his purpose has been to show the effect upon life and character in the Southern parts of the United States caused by the clash of the old social elements with the new, of the invasion by the Yankee, the German, and the Jew of that once exclusive territory, which was the paradise of the old-world planter and slave-owner. This elder type of American had many first-class qualities, which are all the more noticeable when contrasted with the coarse-grained characteristics of certain modern types. It is the Southerner, the legendary Virginian, that the Englishman still has in mind when he figures to himself the ideal American gentleman. The Southerner, as painted by Mr. Dawson, has a pride of race and ancestry which his own cousins of the same stock in England would hardly share in like degree, or would certainly not express in the same way for fear of making themselves ridiculous. But in its native simplicity this is none the less an admirable trait. The Southerner was, and presumably is still, a fine specimen of manhood, and to his noble traditions of living and high example the United States undoubtedly owes a not-sufficiently-appreciated debt. This Mr. Dawson convincingly points out, but his task has also been to show that the South must modify its outlook upon life in face of the new state of affairs, or resign itself to subordination or ruin. It is the invasion of the South by the North which constitutes the scourge. The author has contrasted very cleverly the characters of Alfred Elkins, the pushing, self-made tobacco-manufacturer from the North, who revolutionises the Southern town of Paulsville, and Major Melville, the Southerner, his gentlemanly, refined factotum, whom Elkins both bullies and envies. Elkins' adopted son, "Bloke," is an exceedingly clever creation, even more in contrast with his surroundings, and, therefore, more of a psychological revelation than Elkins himself. The story is quite engrossing, but it is as a study of transitional national attributes that it has enduring value.

Beatrice of Clare. By JOHN REED SCOTT. (E. Grant Richards, 6s.)

THE hero of Mr. Scott's new novel is a young knight in the service of the Duke of Gloucester, and, consequently,

Richard III. is adorned with many virtues which the historians have not seen fit to allow him. Sir Aymer de Lacy, however, is his enthusiastic follower from the moment he is tended by Beatrix, Countess of Clare, to the end of a story which conveniently stops a short time before the battle of Bosworth Field. Historical novels are written very glibly nowadays, and it is seldom that a writer can avoid the use of the well-known ingredients. "*Beatrix of Clare*" begins with a highway robbery, Sir Aymer being the victim, and the scene is conducted with a chivalry that does credit to all concerned. Beatrix, the richest heiress in England, meets the wounded knight, and the result is love at first sight. Of course, there is the bold, bad rival; and when the heiress is kidnapped by the wicked Lord Darby, Sir Aymer proceeds to rescue her by a series of daring exploits. Space is found, however, for such historical incidents as the crowning of Richard, the executions of Hastings and the Duke of Buckingham, and the deaths of the Princes in the Tower. On the whole the book is interesting, mainly because it makes no great tax on the imagination; and Mr. Scott writes forcibly, and with an enthusiasm for the mediæval that suggests an American origin. In this connection the reviewer is tempted to point out the incongruity of a spelling which, though for the most part American, occasionally drops into the employment of the obsolete. Words like "traveler" and "favor" are followed by "gayety" and "gayly." This is a fault that will irritate the observant reader. However, "*Beatrix of Clare*" can be recommended to those in search of a readable novel. There is almost as much colour in the prose as there is in the illustrations of Mr. Clarence Underwood.

The Vision of the Foam. By JOHN MCENERY. (Greening, 6s.)

It can be said in favour of "*The Vision of the Foam*" that many worse books have been published; but that is about all. The story of Dr. Mowbray's romantic meeting with Edith Busch and the events following her tragic death are not told with any great skill. There is too much of the conventional phraseology of the melodramatic writer to please the critical taste, and the book bears internal evidence of having been originally intended for serial publication. The trial of Rial Greton, however, is described very well, and the examinations and cross-examinations of the various witnesses give one the impression that Mr. McEnery is thoroughly acquainted with criminal procedure. If the book had been written in the same manner throughout, one could award unstinted praise to the author. As it is, "*The Vision of the Foam*" is unlikely to give him an auspicious start as a novelist, because he puts all his poorest work into the first half of the book.

The Place Taker. By PETER EARLSTON. (Greening, 6s.)

THE "*Place Taker*" is Theodore Wright, alias Thomas Caldwell, who is acting as secretary to James Hickson, Australian millionaire, when his employer comes to an untimely end mountaineering in Switzerland. Caldwell trades on his likeness to the dead man, and impersonates him, using his fortune to carry on a scheme for the foundation of scholarships all over Europe, in which the millionaire has been deeply interested. The first half of the story deals with the efforts of two would-be murderers, a hired agent from America and an Italian workman bent on revenge to compass the death of the unfortunate Hickson. After several clumsy attempts the American agent, by dint of "doctoring" a rope, succeeds in precipitating his victim down a crevasse, and the rest of the story is given up to the career and ultimate discovery of the "*Place-Taker*" Caldwell. The details of the plot are ingenious, and Mr. Earleston makes good use of an evidently intimate acquaintance with the German University towns.

St. David of The Dust. By MRS. FRED REYNOLDS. (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.)

MRS. REYNOLDS is an experienced writer, with a fondness for poetic description, which finds the fullest scope in the

subject of her latest book. The "*St. David*" of the somewhat fanciful title is a dreamy, visionary youth, living in a Welsh mountain village. Of unknown, nameless parentage, and adopted by a childless old quarryman and his wife, the lad's moody aloofness, passionate love of Nature, and habit of expressing strange thoughts earn for him among the country-people the name of "St. David." From half regarding him as moonstruck or an imbecile, the impressionable and yet keenly practical inhabitants of this Welsh village come to look upon him as one on whom the spirit of the bards had descended. There is thus much idealistic writing, dropping often into unconscious blank verse—pages devoted to the rhapsodies and day-dreams of this village mystic, who, despite all Mrs. Reynolds's efforts, remains an unreal and shadowy figure. She is more successful in her less-studied pictures of the life of the ordinary inhabitants of this quarry village. In particular she has caught that deep-rooted suspicion, if not hatred, which the Welsh peasant entertains for all things English. A too persistent sentimentalism however is the predominant note of the book.

MISS MAUD ALLAN'S SALOME DANCE

WE have the largest Eastern Empire the world has ever seen, and yet we not only neglect to study Eastern thought and custom, we even shrink with horror, which is instinctive, but which we like to believe virtuous, from anything Eastern. That is the real reason why such dancing as that now being exhibited by Miss Maud Allan at the Palace has never before been received with even lukewarm sentiment in England. Racial instinct, island prejudice, and national conceit have kept our eyes closed to a whole garden of beauties, and have condemned to flow in a narrow channel an art which should spread its beneficent charm over all the fields of life. Posture-dancing is not a Western growth. In the earliest days we may imagine that the men and maidens who danced at the coming of spring or the mid-winter feast were content to "foot it," clumsily enough no doubt. Long before Puritanism dawned on the world, even before Christianity came to hallow the common sacraments of life, we may believe that in the West the dancing was essentially "proper." Out of that coarse and scanty seed we have evolved the type of dancing of which Mdle. Adeline Genée is the supreme exponent. In its strict conventions, its complicated laws of practice, its minute and delicately-finished beauties, it is as different as could be from its rude, bucolic origins. But meanwhile the East has been evolving its own type of dancing. Out of the mere provocative posturing of the body, upon which a more matter-of-fact moral code than ours has always looked as legitimate entertainment, there has grown, possibly under Western influence—the influence of the Roman pantomimist, for instance, who, though provocative enough, was provocative in a different way—the totally different art up to which Miss Allan is now educating the London public.

This art has rules less strict, and conventions fewer and less imperative, than the corresponding art of the West. In European dancing everything is wrapped in a cloud and done by implication. Certain movements of the fingers over and round the face, for instance, imply admiration for the beauty of the person at whom they are aimed. How does the Salome at the Palace express admiration for the head of St. John? By no conventional movements, by no movements at all that can be noted and written down. It is done by attitude, by the flow of rhythm in the moving limbs, by the expression of the face, by the transformation of the whole body into a musical instrument striking that one note. And so with other passions—the fear, the horror, the exultation which are so vividly expressed. The rudiments of the Western art can be mastered by any agile young body; such dancing as Miss Allan's is only possible to an imaginative artist, who can create, without

conventions or symbols to save trouble, the poetic impression desired. It is not possible to dance in the Western manner like Mdle. Genée, unless, like Mdle. Genée, you are a great artist. It is not possible to dance in the Eastern manner at all unless, like Miss Allan, you are a great artist. Your posturings may be pretty, but they will mean nothing; and the chances are that you will slip back into the old and gross appeal from which the flower sprang.

For the essence of this art—which is Eastern, though Miss Allen has never been to the East—is that it is dramatic. Much of Western dancing (we exclude from this term the peculiar Spanish dancing, which doubtless owes much to Moorish influence, and has never progressed far) is not dramatic; there is no drama in a pirouette, whatever pleasure may be gained from it when perfectly performed. Drama is the soul of the other art, and it cannot be doubted that it has been from very early ages dramatic. What was the "dance of the two armies" which the Shulamite danced in the "Song of Songs," and which led to the outburst of "How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter!" and the glowing imagery which follows? It was a dance, clearly, with some sort of story in it. All Miss Allan's dances that we have seen are dramatic; most of all the wonderful "Salome." We know now how Salome danced; not *loule nue*, as in some mediæval illustrations, nor "tumbling," standing on her head, as in others; but clothed in jewels and with these marvellously beautiful sinuous movements in which the dancer's will and emotions play upon the lovely instrument of her body to produce what music she will. The beauty of these movements there is no describing.

Did Miss Allan realise when she came to London how bold a thing she was doing? It was nothing less than beginning our education in a branch of art which we have persistently neglected, and mainly through our uncomfortable suspicion of its "propriety." Courage is usually rewarded, and Miss Allan has conquered. Night after night crowds flock to see this princess of the East first win the head of her victim and, having won it, go through a torrent of mingled passions over it, all sublimated by art into things of beauty. And so far, we believe, there has been no whisper of ribaldry or prudery. Not all the visitors to the Palace, we suspect, have read Browning's "The Lady and the Painter," but it looks as if all had realised its message—the "absolution," in Browning's mistaken phrase, won by artist's model and dancer alike.

J. C. F.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE LIMIT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I must thank you for vindicating Magdalen, the most romantic if not the most distinguished College in Oxford. I have been appalled at reading Mr. Warren's verses. Their publication seem to me particularly sad and discouraging in regard to the future of my old College, which nurtured Prince Arthur, Prince Henry, Prince Rupert, Grocyn, John Colet, Reginald Pole, Wolsey, Hampden, Addison, Sacheverell, Gibbon, Oscar Wilde, and Charles Reade. Less known to the outside world was Dr. Routh, of whom some one significantly said, "He was a scholar, and what he published was good, but he published very little." His successor might have done worse than follow his example.

M. B.

March 18, 1908.

THE SICILIAN PLAYERS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—When shall we learn to distrust the intellect and the reason? If Mr. Morant wishes me to surrender both, the assumption is that I shall be honest. Well, I shall try to retain both of these useful qualities, and trust I may not be considered dishonest in doing so.

What is magnificent art? According to your correspondent's estimate its effect is to carry one out of himself. Because certain of our critics have not been so affected, I suppose he would argue they are devoid of feeling. On the other hand, it is

possible he may regard them as persons so cultured that they have no passions left. Against that I can only point out that they have been strangely moved at times by various actors and actresses, as their testimony, printed and signed, witnesseth. Why they have not been moved by Aguglia and her comrades is because the passions they exhibit are so crude as to take them back to the childhood of the race. They are elemental because they pertain to the simple and elementary as exhibited, say, in the savage. I have seen in various East-end quarters certain little incidents in which crude passions—passions exhibited in this crude manner—such as joy, grief, fear, anger, hatred, jealousy, and love, have been exhibited, but I cannot say I have been moved, except by the fact that it was pitiable to realise how little removed these people were from the savage races. A love affair in a sordid street, with costers kicking and biting each other, is sheer animalism. "Sheer animalism" is the state of being actuated by sensual appetites only. The spectacle of Lazzaro grovelling on the floor of the cave before the cowering, gibbering form of Mila is sheer animalism.

When I say crude passion, I refer to the manner in which, to take a concrete example, a child will represent the passion of anger—by stamping the feet, by shaking the arms, or seizing the first object at hand, and venting its wrath upon that. That is an elemental passion. The average adult manifests his anger in another way: it is usually by the upraised chest, the erect head, and the passion is revealed by a torrent of words, accompanied by a flashing eye. Now, with an uneducated adult most of the earlier manifestations cease, and the mime of that type who wishes to represent anger reverts to the old-fashioned method of "ranting." The late Barry Sullivan used to play *Richard III.* in this "ranting" fashion, representing the mere externals of the character, and little of the soul of the man. The method Henry Irving employed was to represent the spirit of the man, the more intellectual way, therefore the more appreciated.

As to the matter of "realisation," let us revert to *La Figlia di Jorio*. How does D'Annunzio wish his characters to be realised? I venture to think that he desires the witch to suggest the weird mystery of her personality, the transforming power of love upon that personality changing her into part devil, part angel, and part child. What does Signora Aguglia do? In the first Act you see a poor hunted thing huddled in a heap by the fire, absolutely terror-stricken, and when Aligio attempts to lay hands upon her, the vision of an angel beside her stays his hand. But there is nothing in the acting of Aguglia to prepare you for this sudden revelation—no weird fascination to help you to understand why Aligio is haunted with the vision of Mila. In the love scene (second Act) she is adequate, but as for the horrible grossness of the Lazzaro scene, I find it difficult to believe the author intended this. As for the third Act, Aguglia's powers are mostly spent, and she can only "rant" in a diminished key. In spite of the fact that the author intends the *dénouement* to reach the heights of antique tragedy, and that Signora Balistreri and Cav. Grasso make us believe this is the intention by their dignified attitude, Mila reduces her acting to the level of melodrama. There is nothing wonderful in that—our "third-rate" mimes do it every day.

As to these marvellously swift transitions from harshness to sweetness, if you possess a paucity of voice-tones it is very probable you change these very quickly—at least, it seems obvious. My complaint is that she has little versatility in her voice—it varies from a flute-like quality to a husky, sharp, staccato note—and her face is not sufficiently mobile to permit of a wide range of expression. Grasso's case is different. He has complete command over his *technique*, is able to reserve and abandon himself at will, and varies his expressions by infinite nuances and characteristic actions.

Now for the theory. It is very old, and it leads to the conclusion that crude natures are capable only of representing crude passions. Marcus Aurelius touched upon this subject when he regretted that the high lessons of comedy had sunk to mere mimic dexterity, to exhibitions of sheer animalism. St. Augustine was dealing with a similar theory when he claimed a distinction between the lower and the higher forms of the drama—between the lower and the higher passions. Schiller taught that the uncultivated taste embraces first the novel and surprising, the extravagant and *bizarre*, the vehement and wild, and avoids all calmness and simplicity. It delights in harsh transitions, dazzling contrasts, pathetic tones. That represents the Sicilians' position, contrasted with a supposedly refined audience, possessing a softness which has degenerated into effeminacy, and mistakes violence of desire for energy of feeling—the energy of feeling which would have arisen had they been treated to really intellectual acting. I think the cultured Frenchman whom Mr. Morant indicates will be in possession of those ideas, and, assuming that, cannot imagine the exclamation of wonder coming from him.

If acting were merely the art of imitation, then Diderot would be justified. But it is admitted that the possession of certain

mental powers are required as well. Mental action is the continuous differentiation and integration of states of consciousness. These mental powers are the re-representative feelings of the actor. A reference to Herbert Spencer will inform us that the minds that are most developed emotionally, like those which are most developed intellectually, are filled with imagination, in which the degree of re-representation reaches its extreme. In the most famous mimes you will find this gift of introspective feeling is great. Talma could remember his own personal emotions, and reproduce these when he wished to simulate them in certain characters. The primitive actor states and accentuates the elementary and physical attributes of a character, the modern devotes himself to the task of revealing mental states; he seeks to adumbrate the intellectual qualities more than the merely external passions. The Sicilians emphasise the latter, the elemental part of their characters; but I for one could not perceive anything of their *vie intime*. One wanted to understand *why* they did certain deeds, not *how* they did them. The audience were *moved* at the condition of the actors in certain pathetic situations, they were not *moved with* them—an important difference. Compare the effect produced upon an audience witnessing *Paolo and Francesca* with that produced on one witnessing *Malia*. Both deal with "the ennobling passion of love," yet one is concerned with the higher passions and the other with the lower. In *Paolo and Francesca* we know something of the state of the lover's souls; in *Malia* we only see the baser physical passions.

As for tears—real tears—any capable actress can give you the trick of them. Henry Siddons used to tell how the great Mrs. Siddons grew pathetic or tragic on a bottle of stout! *East Lynne* is a tear-provoking play, yet I have heard no one belaud the tear-stained actresses who produced that lachrymose effect.

Cav. Grasso is an artist because he is possessed of the two main qualifications for the actor's art—sensibility and intelligence. In other words, his passions, save on one or two occasions when he is tempted to emulate his fellows, are tempered by intellect and reason. Most nearly of all his company he approaches the ideal of the actor as being the interpreter of the human heart. And now will Mr. Morant state what his objections are to this theory?

ROBB LAWSON.

THE FRENCH PEASANT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I thank you for printing my letter. I did not intend to defend the French peasant only. I think Mr. Machen is too severe on human nature generally. Mathew Arnold, in "Essays in Criticism: Pagan and Mediaeval Religious Sentiment," quotes from a Roman Catholic source a terrible description of life and morality under paganism and the Caesars, and observes:—

"The colours in this picture are laid on very thick, and I, for my part, cannot believe that any human societies, with a religion and practice such as those just described, could ever have endured as the societies of Greece and Rome endured, still less have done what the societies of Greece and Rome did."

In the same way, although I believe the French are now a decadent, or, at least, a very old, race, I do not think that Zola is a true portrait-painter of any portion of their social life: his mind has been compared to a distorting mirror in which objects, mostly phallic, are horribly exaggerated. Brunetière, in the essay in "Le Roman Naturaliste," to which I called attention, compares (page 352) the cruel, contemptuous treatment of the poor in the novels of the French realists, from Flaubert downwards, with the kindly touch of Tolstoi, Dostoevsky, Dickens, and George Eliot; and observes that the lack of *sympathy* in the observation of the French writers named is the cause of a barren superficiality which does not promise well for their permanence in the future.

If we take the poor in Great Britain as lovable and virtuous because Scott and Dickens have so depicted them, and the French poor as sordid and wicked because certain novelists have seen nothing else in them, I think every one must agree with me that we should make a serious mistake; for, assuredly, the Eternal Power does not favour us with *all* the good grain and our neighbours with *all* the tares! Any reader interested in the question will find another emphatic denial of the truth of "La Terre" as a veracious document in the first volume of Anatole France's "La Vie Littéraire."

In conclusion, though it is a purely personal matter, I can assure Mr. Machen that I am incapable of quoting Smollett (whom I detest) on any question of Art, or any politician on a question of Poetry. In either direction I should a thousand times prefer Mr. Machen as a guide, though I do sometimes think him a little intolerant!

H. M.

[Mr. Machen writes:—I have already given my reasons for

believing that Zola's report is to be trusted; I have said that it does not seem probable that the man who was ready to endure persecution and banishment in the cause of justice was likely to be the author of a malignant libel on his fellow-countrymen. Brunetière, I think, was a student of books rather than of men; and I see no grounds for giving such preponderating value to his opinions on the subject of the French peasantry. It may be pointed out, by the way, that it is not "immorality" (in the common sense) which constitutes the gravest accusation of "La Terre," but rather a mixture of ferocity and avarice. I disagree with the theory that "sympathy" is necessary to literature that would be immortal; there is, on the contrary, a remarkable lack of sympathy in Swift's account of the Yahoos. Finally, on the personal point, I would assure "H. M." that there is no intolerance involved in the statement that the result of two added to two is four.]

THE LATE SIR JAMES KNOWLES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR—THE ACADEMY of the 22nd ult. mentions Professor Seeley as being one of the four survivors of the Metaphysical Society, founded by the late Sir J. Knowles. Seeley died in 1895, and the successor to his chair, Lord Acton, is dead also.

T. BOWMAN.

ALCOHOL AND TOBACCO

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—If it be not already too late, may I be allowed to express a view upon one of the questions that Messrs. Robert Lutz and Caleb Porter have been discussing in the columns of your interesting journal?

Even if isolated cases could be proved wherein tobacco and alcohol were found to have been deleterious or the reverse, even so, isolated cases in a matter such as this prove nothing. What, in Heaven's name, does Mr. Caleb Porter or Mr. Robert Lutz know of the inner workings of Fra Angelico's or Tennyson's brain when these artists were inspired? Who can analyse an inspiration? Flaubert said he could think best when in repose; Nietzsche said his mind was most active when he was walking.

It appears to me that the question should be approached from a totally different direction if we are to be at all clear about it. Tobacco and alcohol as "Dinge an und für sich" have no voice in the matter. Why have not Messrs. Caleb Porter and Robert Lutz asked themselves what it is that constitutes *genial* artistic work? I suppose no one will deny that *genial* artistic work is that work which is done while the artist is wholly possessed by his inspiration. It is work which the inspiration accomplishes through the subjected artist; it is work in which the artist's will surrenders to the will of the inspiration. But the will of an inspiration is so despotic that it abominates interruptions. What is it, let us ask, that causes interruptions in the expression of an inspiration? The answer is, that interruptions are the result of *self-criticism*. "That self-criticism can be exercised during the execution of a *genial* piece of artistic work," ought to be an impossible proposition—it is, in fact, a contradiction in terms. Once the work is done the artist may become a self-critic if he choose, and all conscientious artists do, at this period in their work, become self-critics; though, should they become so at an earlier period, their work is surely flattened.

A simple example of my meaning may be sought in the practice of reading aloud. Every one who is in the habit of reading aloud knows perfectly well that the excellence of his declamation depends to a great extent upon his remaining unconscious of *how* he is reading. So long as he remains unconscious the reading flows regularly and sweetly; but the moment he attempts to criticise himself—the moment he becomes self-conscious of the working of his muscles—the regular flow stops, his reading becomes halting and lame, and he finds himself stammering over a word, or forgetful of the correct intonation which the punctuation prescribes.

Now in Coleridge's decanter of laudanum and in Tennyson's pipe I see but the weapon which these artists instinctively sought in order to wield them against their inspiration's bitterest enemy—"self-criticism." The inspiration must be master at all costs. "But I am morbidly self-conscious," said Coleridge in his heart of hearts. "I am hard to please, and am most hard to please where my own work is concerned," said Tennyson to his artist's soul—; hence Coleridge's decanter of laudanum and Tennyson's pipe.

If a proof of this theory be required, let us ask ourselves why it is that technical errors so often creep into work which we are bound, in spite of all pedantic prejudices, to class as masterly. Musset's poems are *genial*; they *coulent de source*. Yet technical errors abound in Musset's poems, errors he would not have com-

mitted had he been constantly self-critical. But had he been constantly self-critical his poems would not have been genial.

ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI.

March 17, 1908.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART

- Phythian, J. E. *Fifty Years of Modern Painting*. Grant Richards, 10s. 6d. net.
Handbooks of the Great Masters. Perugino, by George C. Williamson. *Piero della Francesca*, by W. G. Waters. *Pintoruchio*, by Evelyn March Philipps. *Velasquez*, by R. A. M. Stevenson. Bell, 3s. 6d. net.

THEOLOGY

- Miligan, George. *St. Paul's Epistle to the Thessalonians*. Macmillan, 12s.
The Westminster New Testament, Gospel of St. John. With Introduction and Notes by the Rev. Henry W. Clark. Melrose, 2s. net.
Notes on the Miracles of our Lord. By Archbishop Trench. Routledge, 2s. 6d. net.
Henson, H. Hensley. *The National Church*. Macmillan, 6s.

POETRY

- Richardson, E. *Artist Songs*. Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d. net.
Case, T. H. T. *Songs and Poems*. David Nutt, 1s.
Gerrard, Edith C. *Life's Seasons*. Digby Long, n.p.
Mason, Charlotte M. *The Saviour of the World: I. The Holy Infancy*. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, 1s. 6d. net.
Abercrombie, Lancelles. *Interludes and Poems*. Lane, 5s. net.
A Hundred Great Poems. Selected and Annotated by Richard James Cross. New York: Henry Holt, \$1.25.
Gore-Booth, Eva. *The Egyptian Pillar*. Maunsell, 1s.
Titterton, W. R. *Love Poems*. The New Age Press, 1s. net.
Scollard, Clinton. *Blank Verse Pastels*. New York: Browning, \$1.25.
Macfie, Ronald Campbell. *Inauguration Ode*.
The Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell. Edited with notes by J. Logie Robertson. Frowde, 3s. 6d.
The Poets and the Poetry of the Nineteenth Century. George Crabbe to Edmund B. V. Christian. Edited by Alfred H. Miles. Routledge, 1s. 6d. net.
The Book of Elizabethan Verse. Chosen and edited by W. S. Braithwaite. Chatto & Windus, 6s. net.
Allen, Percy. *Songs of Old France*. Griffiths, 6s. net.
Wedmore, Margaret Tolson. *Pilgrim Songs*. Headley, 2s. net.
The Works of Tennyson. Poems II. Edited by Hallam Lord Tennyson.
Monro, Harold. *Judas*. The Samurai Press, 2s. net.
Gibson, Elizabeth. *The Day's Journey*. The Samurai Press, 5s. net.
Anthologie des Poètes Français du sixième Siècle. Par Georges Pellissier. Paris: Librairie Ch. Delagrave, 3fr. 50c.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

- Dickens, Charles. *Our Mutual Friend*. Nelson, 2s.
De La Pasture, Mrs. Henry. *The Man from America*. Nelson, 7d. net.
Hazlitt, William. *Lectures on the English Poets*. Routledge, 1s. net.
Coleridge, S. T. *Lectures on Shakespeare*. Routledge, 1s. net.
Ruskin, John. *The Ethics of the Dust*. Routledge, 1s. net.
Ecce Homo. Routledge, 1s. net.
The Storm of London. By F. Dickberry. Long, 6d.
Gulliver's Travels. By Dean Swift. *The Bible in Spain*. By George Borrow. Nelson, 6d. each net.
Martineau, James. *What is Christianity?* Allenson, 6d.
Marlowe's Tragical History of Dr. Faustus and Goethe's Faust. Part I. Translated by John Anster. Oxford University Press, 1s. net.
Chaucer, Geoffrey. *The Parliament of Birds*. Chatto and Windus, 1s. 6d. net.
Sir William Temple upon the Gardens of Epicurus, with other XVIIth Century Garden Essays. Chatto and Windus, 1s. 6d. net.

The Poets Royal of England and Scotland. Edited by William Bailey Kempling. Chatto and Windus, 1s. 6d. net.

- Sand, George. *La Mare au Diable*. Bell, 5s. net.
Gasquet, Francis Aidan. *The Black Death of 1348 and 1349*. Bell, 6s. net.
Ruskin, John. *Unto this Last*. Allen, 1s. net.
Brontë, Charlotte. *Villette*. Austen, Jane. *Sense and Sensibility*. *Pride and Prejudice*. Dickens, Charles. *A Child's History of England*. Scott, Sir Walter. *Quentin Durward*. Nelson, 6d. each net.
Scott, Sir Walter. *The Heart of Midlothian*. With notes and introduction by J. Harold Boardman. Black, 2s.
Balzac, Honoré de. *Eugénie Grandet*. The Clarendon Press, 2s. 6d. net.
The Works of Edmund Burke. Vols. V. and VI. William Cowper's *Letters*. *The Poetical Works of Robert Browning*. Vol. II. *Reynolds's Discourses*. *Emma*, by Jane Austen. Frowde, 1s. each net.
The Spectator. Vol. V. With introduction and notes by George A. Aitken. Routledge, 1s. net.
The Complete Poetical Works of George Darley. Edited by Ramsay Colles. Routledge, 1s. net.
Jonson, Ben. *Every Man in His Humour*. Griffiths, 1s. net.
Beaumont, Francis, and John Fletcher. *The Maid's Tragedy*. Griffiths, 1s. net.

FICTION

- Warden, Florence. *The Half-Smart Set*. John Milne, 6s.
Whitlock, W. W. *When Kings go forth to Battle*. Grant Richards, 6s.
Wynne, May. *Let Erin Remember*. Greening, 6s.
Fox-Davies, A. C. *The Finances of Sir John Kynnersley*. Lane, 6s.
Diehl Alice M. *An Actor's Love Story*. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.
Rives, Hallie Erminie. *The Castaway*. Collier, 6s.
Bindloss, Harold. *By Right of Purchase*. Long, 6s.
Gerard, Marie. *John Montcalm*. Long, 6s.
Cleeve, Lucas. *An Old Man's Darling*. Fisher Unwin, 6s.
Waight, J. F. *King of the Barons*. Sisley, 6s.
Agnew, Georgette. *The Night that Brings Out Stars*. Heinemann, 6s.
Robins, Elizabeth. *Come and Find Me*. Heinemann, 6s.
Askew, Alice and Claude. *Not Proven*. Ward Lock, 6s.
Brown, Helen Dawes. *Mr. Tuckerman's Nieces*. Constable, 6s.
Thorburn, S. S. *India's Saint and the Viceroy*. Blackwood, 6s.
Charlton, Randal. *The Virgin Widow*. Methuen, 6s.
Crossways, Diana. *A Melton Monologue*. Alston Rivers, 3s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS

- Mackinder, H. J. *The Rhine: its Valley and History*. Chatto and Windus, 20s. net.
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